HEMISPHERE HOLIDAY: VACATIONS CLOSE TO HOME

Saturday Review

APRIL 23, 1955 / 20¢

HAKESPEARE, SEX
ND DR. BOWDLER
y Richard Hanser

PEN LETTER TO
HE POST OFFICE
y George Sokolsky

rlos P. Romulo, author of
rusade in Asia." (See page 10)

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Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah

"A Mighty Tough Place To Find A Stray Cow"

There it lay at his feet – a chasm three miles long and a thousand feet deep – with myriads of fantastically shaped spires and turrets, towering in flaming array. And Ebenezer Bryce, viewing for the first time the horseshoe-shaped basin that now bears his name, is reported to have said, "A mighty tough place to find a stray cow."

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Geologists will tell you this is erosion at work, with frost, snow and rain patiently sculpturing the soft rocks of Utah's Pink Cliffs. The less scientific have called it music frozen in stone. The music wasn't identified. It could be "America the Beautiful."

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Founded in 1866, the Grange is the oldest and largest farm fraternity in the world and has always had a natural interest in conservation and in our National Parks. With headquarters at 744 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., this organization for many years has been active in promoting soil and water conservation for the farming lands upon which our economy depends. We salute the Grange for its part in creating in Americans the understanding and cooperation so necessary to accomplish this worthy objective.

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 23, 1955

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Two years ago on Washington's Birthday I went to Valley Forge, where I saw the original entrenchments and reconstructions of the huts in which the American army spent the terrible winter of 1777-78.

This Washington's Birthday I revisited Valley Forge without leaving my home. For this year I read about Valley Forge in Bruce Lancaster's new book, "From Lexington to Liberty: the Story of the American Revolution."

Lancaster proves again how exciting even the most familiar story can be when retold by an expert. Irving Stone (who also knows a good deal about writing history) read an early copy. He called me from Los Angeles to say that he found the book impossible to lay aside; that, despite his knowledge of the story, he simply had to keep reading to learn how it came out.

This is high tribute, but a deserved one. As I read it, I also felt chills of apprehension over the setbacks in the war's early years, and a great thrill of pleasure and pride when the army of Cornwallis finally laid down its arms at Yorktown.

We all know well the names of the American Revolution. They live today in the names of our states, cities, universities and hotels. But they also live in another and more real way in the pages of this book.

And curiously enough, it is easier (for me, at least) to visualize the past and participate in it from Bruce Lancaster's book than from a visit to the spot where the actual event occurred.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Bruce Lancaster's "From Lexington to Liberty: The Story of the American Revolution" ($6.00) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. It is the third volume in the Mainstream of America Series, in which the history of this country is being retold in narrative form. Earlier volumes in the series are "The Age of the Moguls," ($6.00) the story of the building of America's great fortunes, by Stewart H. Holbrook, and Paul Wellman's "Glory, God and Gold" ($6.00), the story of the American Southwest. All three volumes may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 38 Clinton Ave., South, in Rochester, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF MY TOP-FAVORITE novelists is John Marquand. I've read faithfully every book he's written since his "Mr. Moto" days and he hasn't let me down yet. The first 200 pages of his new novel, "Sincerely, Willis Wayde," struck me as strictly up to par, but I must confess that I got slightly tired of Mr. Wayde before his saga meandered to its disquieting conclusion.

Is Marquand letting his chronic admiration for the old Brahmins of Back Bay and his impatience with all self-made business tycoons get just a bit out of hand? In his early days Willis Wayde, for example, gave little indication that he would be quite so smug, boorish, and generally insufferable in his maturity. I found it particularly difficult to accept his moronic behavior on his honeymoon and his subservience to that caricature of a magnate, P. L. Nagel.

Like every other Marquand novel, "Sincerely, Willis Wayde" lost little time in climbing to the top of the best-seller lists. What I really would like, however—and I wonder how many others in Mr. Marquand's enormous and admiring audience share my desire—would be for him to write at least one novel in which it's the emigrant son from the wrong side of the tracks who turns out to be the

hero, while the high-and-mighty denizen of Louisburg Square reveals himself as a thoroughgoing reactionary and winds up in the doghouse!

SOCIETY FOLK IN PHILADELPHIA certainly differ from the Boston breed. Cordelia Drexel Biddle's "My Philadelphia Father" (Doubleday, $4) emphasizes the point. "Father" was Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, whose wild and ungovernable enthusiasms for such unexpected diversions as prizefighting, bayonet-sticking, live-alligator collecting, and wrecking any project that happened to interfere with his way of life kept his family and his friends in a continual dither.

The Colonel once climbed into a ring with heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, and despite Johnson's repeated warnings of "There now, you boy, don't you get yo'self stirred up," insisted on punching so hard that the champ finally lost his temper, and knocked him cold with one wallop to the head.

Another time he decided to become a concert singer, and hired the famous Philadelphia Academy of Music for his debut. The audience consisted almost entirely of Biddles and Biddle employes, but even so they soon remembered urgent engagements elsewhere. Biddle was so

outraged he jumped on a train for Florida. When he returned home he was accompanied by a dozen live alligators. In the middle of a blizzard he burst into the office of a strange doctor, bellowing, "Damn it, I've been bitten by an alligator." The doctor looked out at the snow and said soothingly, "Just sit down there till you get hold of yourself."

The Colonel was such a terrible driver that every new car the Biddles bought was equipped with two horns: one for the Colonel, one for his wife. When she saw anything approaching on the highway she would honk loud and long, while the Colonel fumed.

The restful atmosphere of the Biddle residence was once disturbed by a construction project across the street. The Biddles summoned their real-estate agent and ordered, "Buy that property." "It'll cost over a million," warned the agent. "Never mind the cost," cried the Biddles. "Buy it, and have that riveting stopped immediately."

Colonel Biddle and his family were immortalized by King Edward VII of England. "In Philadelphia, when I was the Prince of Wales," His Majesty recalled one day, "I met a large and interesting family named Scrapple. They served me a rather delicious native food, too—something, I believe, called biddle."

JOHN MARQUAND IS NOT the only BOMC judge who is represented on the current lists. Clifton Fadiman's selected writings have just appeared under the World imprint, and since he himself chose the contents, you

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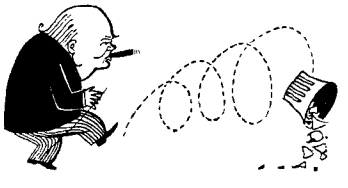
may rest assured they represent him at his critical best. Kip, most modest of the town's pundits, consistently underrates both his wit and his erudition; fortunately for him, his public refuses to take him at his own deflated valuation. . . . On the subject of book-reviewing—and he's done a lot of it in his day—Fadiman thinks that "a reviewer should have above all things a kind of mental virginity, a continual capacity to react freshly. I said he was an expert. He is. He is an expert in surprisability. The poor fool is always looking forward to the next book."

Another BOMCicerone, Amy Loveman, shattered precedent in the April issue of the Club's *News* by taking exception to the majority vote that made Robert Ruark's "Something of Value" the May selection. "Shocking by sheer weight of its facts," warns Miss Amy, "and his descriptions of the rites of primitive peoples and the horrors of the Mau Mau rebellion spare the reader nothing." If I know my onions, Miss Loveman's well-meant warning will sell more copies of the book than any three all-out rave reviews put together.

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB'S alternate selection for May is a honey: "*Assignment Churchill*," by Inspector Walter Thompson of Scotland Yard. The Inspector was Churchill's bodyguard for almost twenty years—a wonderful but exhausting job that gave him a unique insight into the character and habits of one of the great men of all time.

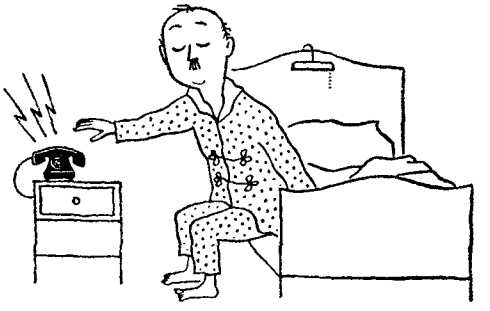
Here are a few of the Inspector's observations: "Though Churchill in defeat is noble, with nothing to do he is a kicker of wastepaper baskets, with an unbelievably ungoverned bundle of bad temper. . . . He loves confusion—if he can take charge of it. . . . If he finds something to his liking on the radio, he marches up and down in ecstatic disregard of his household and guests, shouting imaginary orders sometimes, making sharp parade-ground turns at the end



of the hall. He hums a great deal. His humming, furthermore, is a bleak, unsettling thing. It seems to be coming out of the nostrils, and sounds more like a mass of insects than a tune. . . . Churchill is exhilarated by danger. He gets extra lively and almost boyishly concerned. The dan-

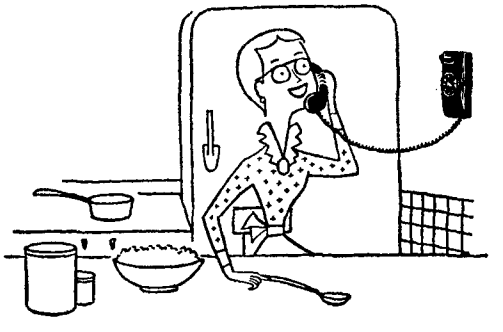
Telephone Diary

Housewife tells how family's telephones
save steps, time and worry—day and night



4 A. M.
Jack's a sound sleeper but he woke up fast when he heard the news. "It's a boy!" he shouted. "Nearly eight pounds. Mary's fine." Then I talked and Jack talked. Bless that bedroom telephone!

8 A. M. to 11 A. M.
Just couldn't wait to tell Betty and Peggy about the baby. Then I ordered *Jack's favorite roast* for dinner and was lucky to get a hairdresser appointment. A grandmother must keep young!



5 P. M.
Wouldn't you know! The very night I have something special for dinner Jack gets held up at the office. But it wasn't too bad. He telephoned he'd be an hour late. It's wonderful to have a telephone in the kitchen.

EVER READY...EVER HELPFUL. Day or night, rain or shine, the telephone stands ready to help you in the everyday affairs of life as well as emergencies.

In office and home, these oft-repeated words reveal its value—"I don't know what **I'd** do without the telephone."

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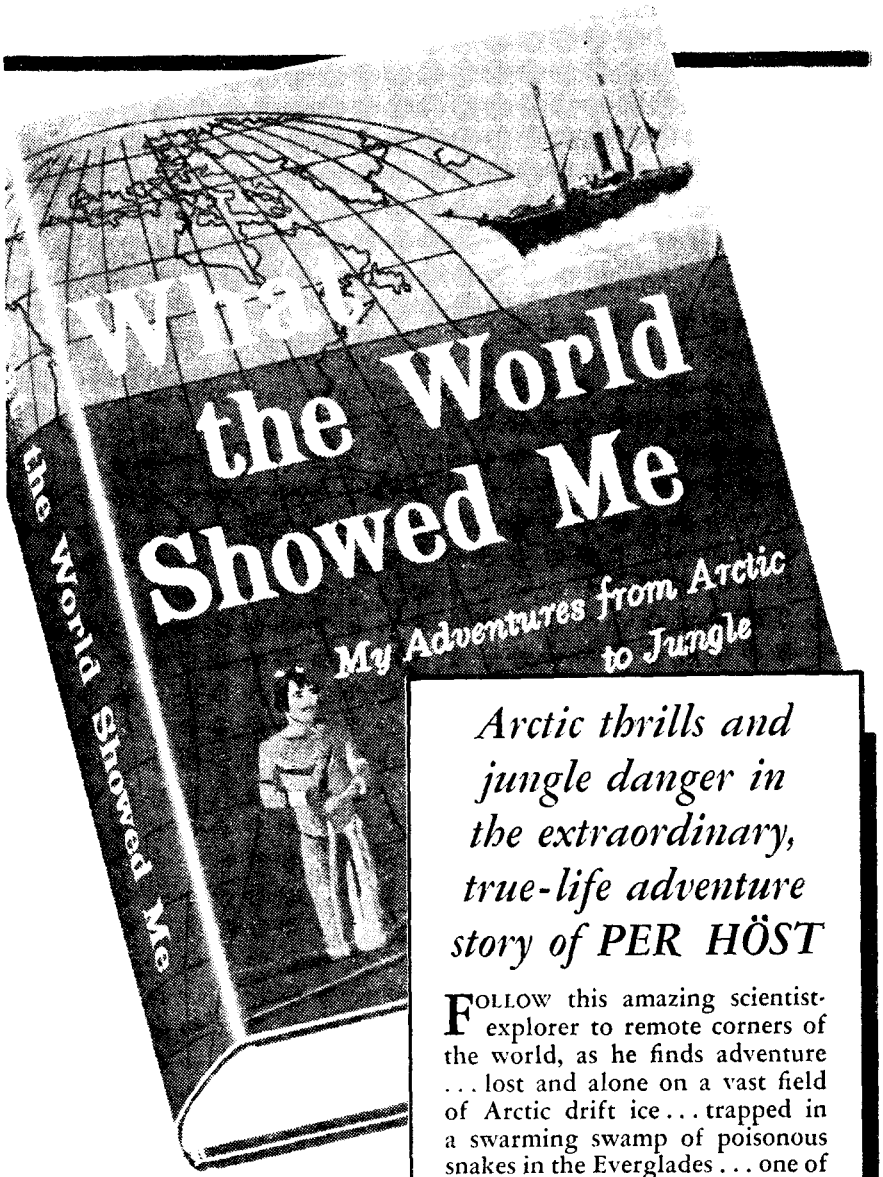

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ger simply delights him. So we never tell him."

Inspector Thompson took a dim view of Churchill's visits to FDR in the latter's country seat. "I hated Hyde Park," he states flatly. "There was no peace there. It was penetrable from a security point of view There were other aggravations Roosevelts always become superactive in the country. . . . Day and night I was on the alert, chasing over the damn acreage with a creel on my hip or an abominable hot dog in midair or a whole hamper of sandwiches on my head and mustard on my trousers festooned with cameras, aswarm with Roosevelt grandchildren. . . . By God I will take Chequers in the blitz to a Roosevelt weekend-with-the-children!" Inspector Thompson, meet Westbrook Pegler!

WHAT A JOY IT IS FOR ANYBODY interested in good writing to come upon a new talent as rich and provocative as Shirley Ann Grau's! I read her stories in "The Black Prince" with unflagging enthusiasm, and what's more, she's had the good sense to save the best one for the last. "Joshua" is a small masterpiece. I note that Miss Grau is only twenty-five years old, and that her ambition is "to write an even dozen novels." There will be an ever-growing audience waiting for them, particularly if she keeps writing about her native New Orleans, whose undercurrents and allure she seems to know so well Alfred Knopf has found himself a humdinger in this young lady!

"LOVE FROM FRANCE" (WYNN, $2.50) is a collection of cartoons from *la belle Paree* that stresses (*mais, naturellement*) the battle of the sexes. Very funny they are, too—one at the top of page 22 in particular—especially to anybody with a bawdy-house reach. . . . "The Great Crash: 1929," by John Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin, $3), very thorough, very frightening, should be read carefully by every "investor" who thinks bull markets can go on forever Among those who probably did not receive a review copy was Senator Capehart. . . . People are getting a lot of laughs (on the West Coast in particular) from Patrick Dennis's "Auntie Mame" (Vanguard, $3.50) and Leonard Wibberley's "The Mouse That Roared" (Little, Brown, $3.50).

All this talk about books (what is TRADE WINDS coming to?) leaves room only to tell you about a snapshot sent in by Lorado Hughes. It shows a deserted bookshop in the Adirondacks, all but buried in an eight-foot snowbank, with a sign on the boarded door that reads "Closed for the season. Reason: freezin'."

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The Saturday Review
APRIL 23, 1955

SHAKESPEARE, SEX . . . AND DR. BOWDLER

By RICHARD HANSER

The Elizabethan Age occurred a little before the New Plumbing made much of a dent on the open-air morality of the Middle Ages. Moreover, Shakespeare was an extremely complex individual, and his attitudes toward sex amount to a sort of compleat lexicon of Sexual Man. The result is that Shakespeare never fails to shake the prudes of an era—from the Victorian "improvers" of our grandfathers to the Freudian doctrinaires of today. In the following article Mr. Hanser discusses these two most recent approaches to the sensuality of the greatest poet in our language.

A LITTLE group of Oxford scholars, moved by some obscure sense of literary piety, gathered n a Welsh graveyard not long ago to bserve an anniversary which the rest f the world passed by with total unoncern. It was the 200th birthday of)r. Thomas Bowdler, whose surgery n the works of Shakespeare won him he dubious immortality of having his ame printed in lower case in all tandard dictionaries and spoken vith derision by succeeding generations.

The ceremonies at the Welsh grave nay well have been disturbed by a nuffled whirring underfoot, as of a ody revolving rapidly. Not only has he lifework of the good doctor beome a general joke but, to rub it in, ontemporary scholarship has painsakingly searched out every naughty reference and obscene allusion in Shakespeare and called it to the attention of a public which might otherwise be unaware of it. Worse, it has been found that Bowdler was far too pure-minded, or ignorant, to accomplish the mission he set for himself. Many passages he left untouched and uncut teem with improprieties which would have made him squirm had he known they were there.

It was Bowdler's purpose to eliminate from Shakespeare "whatever is unfit to be read aloud by a gentleman in the company of ladies" and to suppress anything which could "raise a blush on the cheek of modest innocence." Accordingly he hacked and slashed and erased until, in 1818, he produced the ten-volume "Family Shakespeare" on which his peculiar celebrity rests and which remained a thumping best seller for years. For good measure, he then took up his scissors and had a go at Gibbon.

Thomas Bowdler was—by heredity, training, and inclination—the very prototype of the literary censor. He was a case history of the quivering moralist who is certain in his soul that others will be contaminated by what he himself reads with impunity, and is serenely sure that his mutilations and suppressions, far from being in any way blameworthy, deserve the praise and approbation of all right-thinking men.

Until the age of fifty-seven, when his great inspiration seized him, Thomas Bowdler led a rather footling and futile life, although he was doubtless under the impression that he was spending his time as a man of culture and refinement should. He studied medicine at Edinburgh and, after taking his degree, made the Grand Tour, from which he returned spouting praises to God for having made him an Englishman. He warned one and all of the pitfalls of France, where he sensed the "danger of contamination from the religious principles of the worthy part of the French people, and from the want of both religion and morality among the generality of them."

He tried practising medicine for a while, but could hardly bear the sight of pain and blood. When a young

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friend whom he was treating died of a "putrid disease" Bowdler retired from his profession for good. His father having left him comfortably off, he was able to follow his own bent unhampered by the necessity of earning a living.

He moved in "the politest and most elegant" of London literary circles, became a member of the Royal Society and studied prison reform without doing anything much about it. He was keen on charitable works, joined committees "to improve the condition of the lower classes," and, as a hint of things to come, was especially active in the Society for the Suppression of Vice. With it all he seems to have been, unlike most moralists and do-gooders, a rather sweet and self-effacing character, and those who knew him personally spoke of him afterwards with affection.

It was at Rhydinngs, near Swansea, that he settled down to his major effort. As his introduction to the "Family Shakespeare" reveals, he did not unsheath his shears without a certain amount of diffidence. He felt the need to justify what he was doing. It would be presumptuous, he said, for anyone to tamper with the "Transfiguration" of Raphael or the Belvedere Apollo. If a painting or a sculpture were injured in the attempt to improve it, the damage done would be permanent and irreparable. Not so with the works of a poet, he argued, because the original will "continue unimpaired," whatever may be done to it. He was effusive in his admiration of Shakespeare as the greatest writer in the language, and generously attributed the Bard's many regrettable lapses into obscenity as concessions to "the bad taste of the age in which he lived." It was his wish, he explained, "to render the plays of Shakespeare unsullied by any scene, by any speech, or, if possible, by any word that can give pain to the most chaste, or offense to the most religious of readers." He found little to eliminate on the latter score, since Shakespeare generally spoke well of religion, but when it came to offending the chaste—well!

The difficulties were prodigious. As an example, he cited a speech of Iago's. "The word 'bolster' is as innocent a word as any in our language," Bowdler wrote, "but in 'Othello' it is so emphasized as to assume a meaning so grossly improper that no gentleman could venture to read it to a lady, or could think that the substitution of 'quilt' instead of it would be an injury to this matchless tragedy."

But the difficulty about the bolster was as nothing compared to the formidable problem posed by Falstaff. Even Bowdler, for all his smug self-certainty, was overawed by Falstaff and never quite knew what to do with him. Obviously, if Bowdler were to stick by his principles, so prodigious a scalawag as Falstaff would have to be annihilated, but Bowdler didn't dare. He contented himself with modifying the language somewhat and blotting out Doll Tearsheets entirely.

BY THE time Bowdler got around to rendering the Bard antiseptic, the plays had been pretty thoroughly knocked about by others for other reasons, and he used this circumstance to help justify his own depredations. Voltaire had expressed the opinion that Shakespeare was a "barbarous mountebank," conceding only that there were "a few pearls in Shakespeare's enormous dunghill." Nahum Tate had tacked a happy ending on "King Lear." Garrick had reduced "A Winter's Tale" to the length of an afterpiece and modernized "Hamlet," driving Gertrude mad with remorse and having Hamlet duel with the King.

But *The British Critic*, in April of 1822, lashed out at the growing practice of rejiggering Shakespeare according to the heart's desire of every theatrical tinker and literary meddler who came down the pike. "They have purged and castrated him, and tattooed and beplaistered him, and cauterized him and phlebotomized him with all the studied refinement that the utmost skill of critical barbarity could suggest," the magazine wrote. "Shakespeare is, of all poets, precisely that one of whom we can least afford to lose one iota . . ."

And it added:

Here ran Johnson's dagger through;
See what a rent envious Pope made,
And here the well-beloved Bowdler stabbed.

Bowdler was hurt. He was, as always, genuinely baffled that anyone should fail to see what an admirable work he was doing in his literary laundry. "Am I to be classed with the assassins of Caesar," he cried in rebuttal, "for rendering these invaluable plays fit for the perusal of virtuous females?" As examples of what, in his opinion, had to go he cited among others the speeches of Hamlet to Ophelia in the Players Scene, the last line of Touchstone's verses to Rosalind in the forest, Celia's racy remark later in the same scene, and the porter in "Macbeth" whose "indecent description of the effects of drunkenness only serves to interrupt the most interesting part of the narration."

Here, perhaps, is the most objectional aspect of Bowdler's tampering the texts: his bland presumption in arrogating to himself not only moral judgment, but artistic also. He actually believed that he knew better than Shakespeare whether or not a scene, a line, a word belonged where Shakespeare put it. It never occurred to him that as a universal genius Shakespeare's scope was all-inclusive, embracing the whole man and the whole woman regardless of the "blush on

(*Continued on page* 50)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

OF PERIPATETIC PARENTAGE

Below are the birthplaces and birth years of ten British and American writers and editors who were born as British and American nationals but not on the home grounds. Since the appended data admittedly isn't much to go on in some instances, a few clues are provided at the left. With this shove in the back you should be able to get at least seven correct identifications. If you want to make things real tough for yourself, cover up the clues before you start. Answers on page 15.

1. Calcutta, India	1811 Five-star novelist liked bouillabaisse
2. Paris, France	1834 Annoyed Whistler; drew nicely, too
3. Bagni di Lucca, Italy	1854 Julia Ward Howe's nephew; forty-plus novels
4. Bombay, India	1865 Empire's laureate's prose also durable
5. Vienna, Austria	1871 Deft light versifier: "Death and General Putnam"
6. Paris, France	1874 Dean of contemporary novelists, also M.D.
7. Shantung Province, China	1898 Artzybasheff covers
8. Cairo, Egypt	1899 Blows a stirring horn
9. Motihari, India	1903 Will still be read twenty-nine years hence
10. Tientsin, China	1914 Two Pulitzer feathers in war bonnet

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Open Letter to the Post Office

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

I RECEIVED a letter from one of your officials telling me how to arrange to receive periodicals from Soviet Russia to which I have subscribed and for which I have paid.

For some months now none of these publications has been delivered to me, although I do receive British newspapers and magazines.

The theory of your letter is that, for one reason or another, I am entitled to a special privilege. But I do not like privilege. I want these publications because I subscribed to them. They can do me no greater harm than some American publications I buy. If I am to be saved from my reading habits I do not want it done by the Post Office, the business of which is to deliver the mails.

Nobody can call me a Communist, pro-Communist, a fellow-traveler, or even a liberal. I am a convinced conservative who prefers nineteenth-century freedom to twentieth-century liberalism—which looks to me very much like Fascism because of its trend to limit the liberties of man by increasing the authority of government. My record of opposition to Communism has been consistent since 1917 and I can produce that record in full, so that there can be no question about it.

Therefore, when I oppose the policy of the Post Office of increasing ignorance by refusing to permit Russian publications to pass through the mails, it is only as a constant and consistent opponent of Marxism, Leninism, Communism, Socialism, whatever you want to call it. My reason: I want to know what I am talking about when I oppose the Russian conspiracy. I cannot know what I am talking about unless I have freedom to read what the other side publishes.

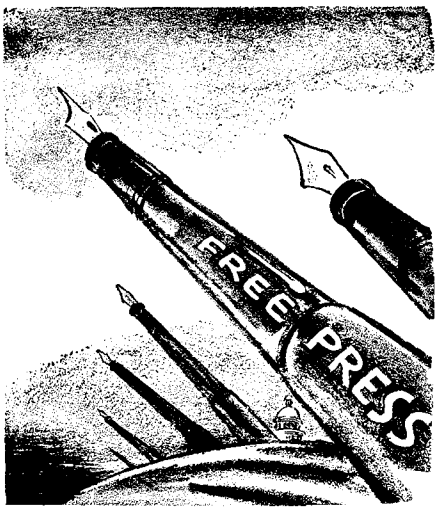
I do not impugn your motives. Like so many others these days, you would like to get into the anti-Communist fight. Everybody else does, even the anti-anti-Communists who try to give the impression that they know how to fight Communism better than those who always opposed this movement.

But it has been my experience during the past thirty-eight years that many of those who think that they are fighting Communists often strengthen the subversives by their hit-and-miss methods, their lack of understanding of Marxism and its purposes, their failure to have a philosophy of their own, their insistence that an emotional response to the Communists is sufficient. They often produce a ridiculous set of notions which gives the Reds a victory they never anticipated.

TO FIGHT against any movement it is necessary to understand it, to read its literature, to be familiar with its history, to keep the eye focused on its shifting objectives. Here is a movement that is more than 100 years old. During that century it has produced an enormous literature. Much of it, as much of all printed matter, is drivel: temporary propagandistic pamphlets, sloganized emotionalism, mere partisan exclamations, etc. But there is the basic literature which must be read or it is impossible to understand the growth of Marxism in the world.

As the center of the movement is in the Kremlin, much of the current literature on this subject, both ephemeral and of permanent value, comes out of Russia. It is essential not only for the scholar but for the political, agitational opponent of Communism to have easy and constant access to this literature, and to have it as quickly as possible.

There is another danger in the position that the Post Office has adopted. The American Communist has access to this material. It has long been established that the Communist underground has means of its own to perform its necessary tasks without too much regard to such a ruling as yours. The American Communists will find means for distributing what is necessary not only among their members but also among their fellow-travelers. Each shift of the Party line gets around to those whom the Party wishes to reach and the Post Office has no way to stop this.



—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"First Line of Defense."

Therefore, you are not keeping Communist literature from Communists. In fact, you permit such literature to go to libraries and universities where the Communists can read it and where it can be used for recruiting purposes. From that standpoint your regulations defeat themselves.

But you keep these Russian publications from other Americans, most of whom are anti-Communists and also from what might be called the avocational anti-Communists, those who require data to combat an evil. Of course, you will answer that if such a person made suitable application to the proper agency he could obtain a special privilege.

Americans need no special privileges, which are always wrong because they are a negation of our way of life. Again, I wish to call your attention to a point I like to emphasize in relation to the fight on Communism in the world: We shall lose that fight unless we have an American philosophy. If we are opposed to an Iron Curtain it makes no sense to establish a Star-Spangled Curtain.

The central doctrine of the American philosophy of life is the liberty and dignity of the individual American citizen. Two wars, a prolonged depression, and the impact of both Fascism and Marxism upon the American consciousness has given a twist to American concepts. Many of our people, both on the Right and on the Left, in government and among the leaders of the people, have forgotten the essence of Americanism. In their anxiety to fight Communism and to oppose Russia, a tendency has developed to fight fire with fire, to use Russian methods to accomplish American purposes.

Such ideas and methods are bound

The Vulnerable

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

THOUGH silken-fragile is the rose,
It has a dagger thorn to wield,
And the soft snail through danger goes
Carapaced in a sturdy shield.

But no thorn guards the heart of man,
No shell a cruel onslaught bars.
It must survive as best it can
Armored with nothing but its scars.

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to fail. They will fail because they are Russian methods. Americans do not like Russian methods even if they are practised by sincere Americans who would save their country from the Communist conspiracy. If we are to succeed we must employ American methods, which must be within the margins of individual freedom and dignity. Babying Americans, telling them what they should read and should not read, has nothing to do with individual freedom and dignity.

The Post Office ought not to be like the book-shops which tell the customers what to buy, which do not display anti-Communist books, which hide them under the counter, or say, "The book is on order." Two such books are getting this treatment at this moment, Ralph de Toledano's "Day of Reckoning" and Max Eastman's "Reflections on the Failure of Socialism." Do these clerks really think they can kill these books? Already Devin-Adair, a responsible publishing house, has gone into the direct mail-order business to overcome this sabotage. Soon other houses will follow. It is the American way.

So, the Post Office must fail when it uses its authority to treat Americans as though they are weaning children. They will find ways of reading what they want to read and the Post Office will be able to do nothing about it. But the morals of it are all wrong because again Americans will be forced to deal with bootleggers, this time with bootleggers of books and magazines.

Fighting Communism is a tough job. In many countries anti-Communists have failed because they fought Communists for wrong reasons and by incorrect methods. The best method is the American method, which is to use no means that violate the freedom and dignity of the individual American citizen.

Lady Day

By Florence Ripley Mastin

ABOVE the kneeling wood
Morning like an Angel stood.
The winds that swept the hill
Clothed in that radiance, were still.
A cloud swung soft and low
The censer of the snow,
And Morning spake:

"Earth, from Thy dream, awake!
Even now upon Thy walls
Heaven's glory falls,
Even now the Bridegroom waits
To open Thy locked gates.
Lift up Thy heart and sing
For Thou shalt bear the Spring."

THE EAST

Independence and Survival

"Crusade in Asia," by Carlos P. Romulo *(John Day. 309 pp. $4), is an account by the former Philippine representative to the United Nations, of his homeland's war for independence and struggle against the forces of Communism. Here it is reviewed by Justice William O. Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court, author of "North from Malaya" and other books.*

By William O. Douglas

IN "CRUSADE IN ASIA" Carlos P. Romulo has written a book that reads like a stirring speech on the struggle of the Philippines first for independence and then for survival against the forces of Communism. It contains a grim and moving account of the days under the Japanese occupation, the scheming and plotting against the Japanese overlords, the day of liberation, and the grant of full independence to the Islands on July 4, 1946. General Romulo played an important part in the drama of those days; he too played a glorious role in the liberation.

After independence the new Philippine Government under Roxas sent Romulo to the United Nations as its representative. He attended the San Francisco Conference, where the Charter was drafted; and he served in New York after it was framed. Romulo, the Catholic, had not known much about Communism and Communists until that time. His account of his first meetings with the Russian delegates and their futile endeavor to enlist this noble Asian on their side is one of the most interesting chapters in the book.

The book describes the Presidency under Quirino, who succeeded Roxas, and the mounting problems on the domestic front. By 1950 the Philippines were on the edge of disaster at the hands of the Communists. Communism is an ideological force, as we all know. But at the village level Communism appears in different forms, as General Romulo shows. The prospectus tendered by the Communists to the peasants varies with the type of discontent in the particular area. The masses are not indoctrinated in Communist theory; they are offered definite panaceas for their troubles; and the Communists are made to appear as their champions.

In the Philippines the main source of discontent was (and still is) the land system. The landlord in the Philippines receives on the average 22 per cent annually on his investment—a handsome return in any nation. There are few educational advantages in the villages; hospitals are practically non-existent; agricultural credit is in the hands of moneylenders, who charge up to 400 per cent a year as interest. The complaints pile high in the *barrios* of the Philippines. That is why in 1950 it seemed that the Communists were about to take over the Government. They were closer to success than we yet appreciate. In "North from Malaya" I first told the story of how Ramon Magsaysay saved the day. That story is retold here in dramatic fashion.

THERE follows the account of the break between Quirino and Magsaysay and the decision of Magsaysay to run against Quirino for the Presidency.

Then came a soul-searching decision by General Romulo—whether to support Quirino, support Magsaysay, or run on a third-party ticket. Romulo's break with Quirino and his decision to run as a candidate of a third party is a moving account. Romulo, well known and beloved in international circles, knew that his reputation abroad was not matched at home by political support among the masses. He had been abroad so much that he had not had opportunity to build his political power in the *barrios*. In the middle of his whirlwind campaign he realized that a victory for Quirino would likely result if he and Magsaysay divided the vote. Placing his country above himself, he withdrew one night in favor of Magsaysay; and their

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—Acme.

THE AUTHOR: Loosely speaking, Carlos P. Romulo, a short, oratorical, ubiquitous Filipino who is currently President Ramón Magsaysay's Special and Personal Envoy to the United States, has spent his life pulling the rug from under Kipling's "Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Kipling hadn't heard of Romulo when, in 1890, he wrote "The Ballad of East and West" (indeed, Romulo himself had to wait around impatiently for eleven long years to be born) or he might have thought twice. Anyway, in an indefatigable effort to weld the two halves together Romulo has over the years dashed from one diplomatic parley to another, reaching his zenith (as of last Tuesday, anyway) by being elected in 1949 as President of the Fourth General Assembly of the United Nations. This week he is scheduled to head the P.I. Delegation to the Asian-African Conference in Indonesia. Romulo's biography goes hand-in-hand with the history of the Philippines, and there are even some observers who have gone so far as to speculate that Romulo has come close to doing as much for his archipelago this century as Magellan did in the sixteenth. For one thing, Romulo was a member of Manila's independence missions to Washington as early as 1921 (the year he got his M.A. from Columbia, to add to his bachelor's degree from the University of the Philippines). In 1944 he was named Resident Commissioner of the P.I. in the U.S., and, though he is happiest while working, he was delighted to lose that particular job on July 4, 1946. It was on that day that the Philippines at last became independent. During World War II he was aide-de-camp to General Douglas MacArthur. Besides all that he has published a Manila newspaper and won a Pulitzer Prize in 1942 for his dispatches to *The Philippines Herald*. Moreover he has lectured from New York to California, reminding Americans that Asia is here to stay. The U.N. is one of his favorite subjects; it is just as fond of him, and people who have heard him speak there describe him as "a big voice from a little country."—Bernard Kalb.

consolidation of forces resulted in victory.

The account of the campaign which he and Magsaysay conducted is a splendid story. For the first time in Philippine history the *barrios* were thoroughly canvassed for votes. And the issues hammered out from the platform related to sanitary wells for drinking water, good schools for the children, and land reform.

Magsaysay, who came from the *barrios*, had hid in the hills during the Japanese occupation, leading a guerilla band. Being the product of the villages of the Philippines and knowing their problems, he gave the campaign a grass-roots flavor. He got out a massive vote and won handsomely in an election that—thanks to the army he had previously reorganized—was relatively clean and honest.

The book continues into Magsaysay's regime and gives some account of the reforms which the new administration has begun. General Romulo can be pardoned for rating the achievements to date more perhaps than they may deserve. A promising start has been made; and the Communists have been largely liquidated as a guerilla force. But the discontent on which the Communist cause feeds has been largely untouched; and the landlord interests still dominate the legislature, which of course slows down progress.

THE book is of great interest not only for the story it tells of the Philippines but also for the challenging approach it presents to the Asian problem. General Romulo may not have seen the revolutions taking place in the villages of India and Burma. But he senses their nature and power. They reflect in part a desire of serfs to get rid of the feudalism that has held them in a vise from time out of mind. They reflect in part the drive of the colored races of the world for a status of equality. They reflect in part the drive of people long subjugated to rid themselves of colonial rule.

The book reflects the Asian state of mind and the Asian approach to the problems of this age. "Asia for the Asians" is more than a slogan. It represents the drive of millions upon millions of people. The Asian problem of Communism presents two aspects: the military task of liquidating the Communist forces within a nation; the political task of taking their following from them.

General Romulo is a realist on both scores. He knows that guns and dollars are not enough to win Asia. He knows that a program of political action based on the conception that all men are created equal can win it.

Reform by Charity

***"India's Walking Saint," by Hallam Tennyson** (Doubleday, 224 pp. $3.50), is a biography of Vinoda Bhave, founder of the Bhoodan, a movement that is having a profound effect on the social system of India. John Frederick Muehl, who reviews it below, is the author of "Interview with India" and other books.*

By John Frederick Muehl

I AM afraid that many of us have a category in our minds, near dianetics, between wheat-germ and Jackson Pollock, where we tend to place any book with a title like "India's Walking Saint: The Story of Vinoba Bhave." Once bitten twice shy, and we have been exposed to too many of those personal testimonials to Mahatma Gandhi which, through their strange and neurotic religiosity, succeed in reducing him to a faddists' god. Now Gandhi is dead; his mantle and his curse have apparently fallen to Vinoba Bhave. There will be bad books written, sentimental and fanatical, by those who know him and by those who do not. In the meantime it would be well to take a long clear look at the Bhave that is presented by Hallam Tennyson, for "India's Walking Saint" in spite of weaknesses may well be the standard by which they are judged.

For the uninitiated, Vinoba Bhave is the founder of Bhoodan, the land-gift movement which has begun in south India, and to which Indian landlords, both large and small, have contributed voluntarily for the relief of the landless. Like so many things in India, Bhoodan is an accident; that is, it began without plan or intention, while Bhave himself was a disciple of Gandhi, undistinguished except by his moral qualities. During a trip into Hyderabad he was addressing a gathering and discussing the problem of the local landless when one Ram Chandra spontaneously volunteered land of his own, signing over one hundred acres on the spot. As Tennyson tells the story it was an exciting moment, as if a vision had simultaneously appeared to all. More offers were made and when the meeting broke up everyone knew something important had been born that evening.

And, of course, it had. For since 1951 Bhoodan has accumulated more than four million acres. And what is equally important, it has very largely been operating in the poorest areas where holdings are the smallest. Ten-

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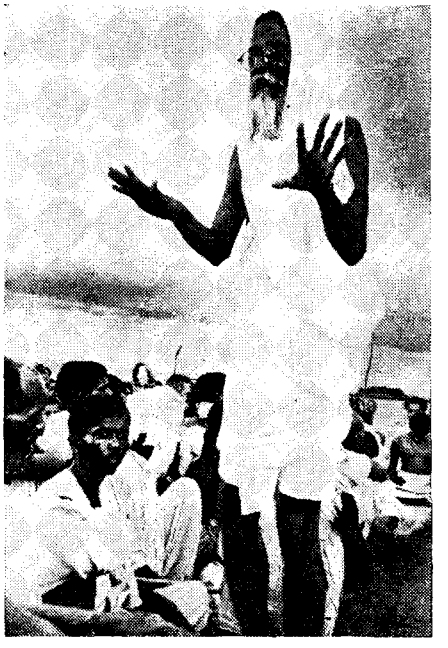
nyson tries to catch some of the drama of the thing as he describes Bhave moving from village to village. He will not ride, even in a cart. He eats nothing but curds. And he warns landowners, "I have come to loot you with love." Yet the landlords receive him with their arguments prepared. They meet and he speaks only a few quiet words. "If you will not give," he tells them, "it does not matter." But his words are magical and of course they do give. Tennyson tells of those who have given all of their land, of rich zemindars who have kept only what they could farm with their two hands. And without laboring the point he brings home to the reader the spiritual implications of such a movement as this.

Of course, it is not easy to speak calmly of Bhave. It must be particularly difficult for someone like Tennyson who has lived and worked on the fringe of his movement, walking with the disciples from village to village. But, fortunately, Hallam Tennyson has a sense of humor so that while he is often enthusiastic he is never fanatical. His admiration for Bhave knows almost no bounds, but it is always within the bounds of intelligence and sanity.

One might object to some stylistic qualities of the book. It follows a complex plan, combining biography and reminiscence, and, while the details of the integration have been carefully worked out, Tennyson does not write forcefully enough really to bring it off. The material, too, has a way of overwhelming him. The idea of Bhoodan is in itself so exciting that the rather pallid prose in which it is described inhibits rather than spurs the imagination. Again, when Tennyson has occasion to exhort us he lags strangely behind the power of the idea, like some Anglican ministers who seem always to be saying, "We ought to be more like this chap Christ, you know."

But perhaps, realistically, we have to choose between violent partisanship and such cool detachment. In avoiding the usual excesses of the disciple it is possible that Tennyson leans too far backward. Withal his book is a valuable one and it sets a high standard for the books on Bhave that will follow. I do not mean to sound unduly skeptical, but there will be many that are worse before there is one better.



Bhave—"his words are magical."

Notes

THE LITERATURE OF JAPAN: To most of us the literatures of Asiatic countries are as remote as their language, yet translations can bridge the gap to some extent. Hence the usefulness of a brief, introductory guide to orient the reader. Donald Keene's **"Japanese Literature"** (Grove Press; clothbound, $2.50; paperbound, $1) fulfils that task efficiently and interestingly. As a poetic language Japanese has the inherent advantage of ambiguity. Its poetry, according to a tenth-century poet, "has for its seed the human heart, and grows into countless leaves of words." A simple *haiku* can proliferate images of startling clarity:

The peaks of clouds
Have crumbled into fragments—
The moonlit mountain.

In the early 1900s Japanese poetry influenced the Imagist poets. The *No* plays of their theatre inspired Yeats to translation and imitation. But these entertainments, like their puppet plays, seem too alien to Westerners compared to their novels. The great classic "The Tale of Genji," which has been classically translated by Arthur Waley, is described by Mr. Keene as a Proustian *recherche* into court society of tenth-century Japan. That country's twentieth-century novels and films, which are coming here in increasing numbers, can be more sympathetically understood if we know more about their indigenous culture. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

TURKISH GREAT MAN: Would-be rakes may well enjoy Ray Brock's **"Ghost on Horseback: The Incredible Ataturk"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4.75) if only to find proof that a man can be a great political figure, accomplishing all manner of heroics, and at the same time be the complete libertine. Those who are seeking a serious and substantial portrayal of the maker of modern Turkey will derive no satisfaction from it.

Born Mustafa (Brock's spelling, Mutapha, would have annoyed Ataturk no end, for above all else in the formation of the new Turkish alphabet he insisted that it be phonetic), and progressing to Gazi Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and on to Kemal Atatürk, the great Turk held a governmental post from a second lieutenancy in 1905 to the Presidency at the time of his death in 1938. Thus, much of his life is a matter of historical record. Most of the great incidents are mentioned and correctly described, although the reader is left uncertain as to exactly when the Republic was declared.

The great bulk of the book is concerned with Kemal's actions from 1908 to 1923; perhaps these were the most dramatic years. He hurries over Kemal's last fifteen years, touching only the very highest points. Yet undoubtedly these were years of tremendous significance to the Turkish people and to the whole world.

As a character study of an unremitting rebel, "Ghost on Horseback" is sparkling and highly entertaining. Written in popular biographical narrative style, the pages are filled with Kemal's conversations with mistresses, prostitutes, and a variety of nondescripts. But it only hints at Kemal's remarkable grasp of the fundamentals of democratic life and the magnitude of the task of producing such a life in Turkey. —SIDNEY N. FISHER.

Memory

By Carleton Drewry

REVERSE the year on the ruined bough
In time's return to blossom now.
Bring back the broken bell to chime.
But what is *now*? And what is time?

Time is a wind which whirls away
Tomorrow into yesterday.
Time is a slipping image caught
Of what once was now come to naught.

Now is one instant caught between,
Suddenly seen, and then unseen.
Memory, only memory,
Though faulty and mortal even as we,

Through glimpse of mind and the eyes' glance
Can keep the truth of time in trance,
And can return, and can retract
Time's fallacy from its far fact.

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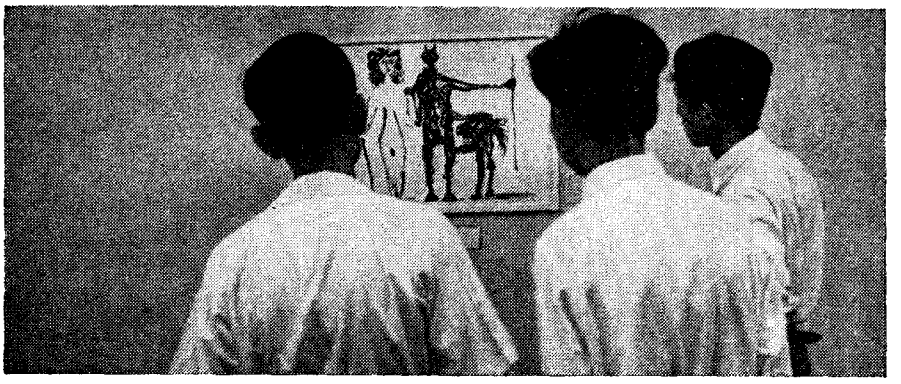
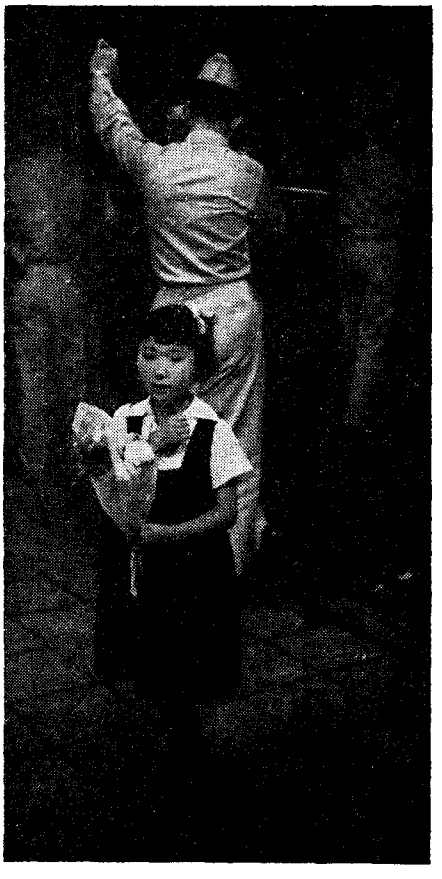


Appreciative of their own traditional art, the Japanese are often enthusiastic too about Western art, *i.e.*, Picasso, above, whose Japan exhibit was seen by more than 3,000,000

Actor dons heavy costume of medieval hero, with make-up almost like a mask.



To augment family budgets children often sell flowers outside night-clubs.

In the tea-ceremony the tea-master uses perfectly stylized, traditional gestures.

Railway-employed instructors lead cramped passengers in exercises.

Cleanliness being the first commandment of the Shinto religion, these youngsters rinse their mouths and wash their hands in symbolic ablutions.

THE LOOK OF JAPAN: It is doubtful whether any Asian nation exercises a greater attraction for the skilled photographer than Japan. There is a universe of contrast, color, vibrancy, human interest, natural beauty. At the same time Japan offers perhaps the most difficult challenge of all Asian nations. Discipline and understanding are even more important than a good lens. It is too easy to stand on almost any spot and swivel around with snapping shutter. The need is to forego the purely quaint for the real. Japan is a challenge in diversity. How to reflect this diversity in authentic balance is the test of the accomplished photographer.

No book of photographs on Japan I have ever seen passes this test better than Werner Bischof's **"Japan"** (Simon & Schuster, $10). Bischof addresses his art to the mixed pattern of Japan. He dramatizes the incredible changes in the life and moods of Japan today; but he also knows what Japan is changing from and why the tug of the past has so much power and meaning. A Japanese street scene in stark black-and-white thus contrasts with a full-color ceremonial procession; a severe photograph of a nightclub dressing room, with its heavily painted floosies, is juxtaposed against a depth view of a Buddhist shrine. This, then, is the real Japan the practised eye sees.

Bischof's high craftsmanship and his approach to his subject make this book of special value to the photograph enthusiast. There is stuff here to excite both amateur and professional. The quality of reproduction—always the big hurdle for a book like this—does special credit to printer and publisher. If there is any loss in richness or depth in the process of transforming color originals into half tone prints the eye cannot detect it. Altogether this book is to the taste of anyone interested in an incisive commentary on Japan, in good photography, or good printing.

—Norman Cousins.

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Man Eat Man

***"Something of Value," by Robert Ruark** (Doubleday. 566 pp. $5), is the story of a professional East African hunter who finds himself tracking down not wild beasts but the savage Mau Maus.*

By Bruce Bliven, Jr.

A COUPLE of years ago Robert Ruark, United Feature Syndicate columnist, became fed up with his lot. The one trouble with it, he said, was having to live in New York City, where everybody was unhappy, the telephone rang constantly, and men had nothing but scowls and frowns for each other—except Sherman Billingsley, who sent free champagne from the Stork Club. Ruark couldn't stand city life any longer. He left town, which was bold and sensible under that circumstance.

Shortly before he moved away Ruark and his wife had gone on a two-month African safari. He had had a marvelous time hunting big game, as he reported in his book "Horn of the Hunter." He had fallen hopelessly in love with East Africa ("Its peace is sublime"). His admiration for professional hunters like Harry Selby, who ran the Ruarks' safari, was close to worship ("My friend Selby, hopelessly lost in so small a town as Nairobi, is Moses leading his flock when all he can see is horizons and a lion or two. The complete love and trust of his blacks are testament to this"). Ruark was confident that Kenya would be part of the answer, for him, to the frustrations of the urban rat race. ("There is an acute and quiet consciousness of God in the African bush, which is largely obscured in the hustle of man-made cities. . . . Reverence was a feeling I had never enjoyed in New York.")

The explanation for "Something of Value," Ruark's new novel about the Mau Mau terror in Kenya, must lie somewhere in these biographical notes; and it is a book that calls for explanation rather than criticism. For the thick, 566-page text is literally horrible. It is filled with gruesome details of murder and torture including countless castrations, disembowelments, and beheadings. Its pages are soaked with blood, animal and human in about equal measure. The mystery is, why? The gore does not seem to serve any literary purpose. Perhaps, as he suggests in the foreword, Ruark himself justifies it as a journalistic device, a way of shocking the reader into realizing that both sides in the East African fighting have gone all-out in their savagery. It's hard to say exactly how much bad taste is excusable as accurate reporting; but not nearly this much, in my opinion.

Apart from horror "Something of Value" has little to offer. It tells how the Mau Mau uprising ruins the life of a professional hunter named Peter McKenzie. The terrorists behead his brother-in-law, mutilate his sister, and hack their children to pieces. Peter finds himself compelled to hunt Kikuyu instead of lions, using all the cunning of his trade. Among them is Kimani, his boyhood friend, the son of Peter's father's headman. Kimani has grown up to be an outlaw and a Mau Mau general. Peter's manhunt with Kimani as his prey, ending in a hand-to-hand combat to the death, is the novel's narrative climax. It might have been an exciting episode.

The trouble is that hundreds of pages earlier, somewhere in the morass of clumsy exposition and preposterous dialogue, the reader, exhausted, stopped caring. The fight is between a pair of shadows, for neither character has ever come to life. There are dozens of other characters and countless other scenes, of course. But the failure of the climax is typical of the failure of the storytelling; each development, like the big showdown, seems pointless.

—*Ralph A. Brooks.*

Robert Ruark—"bellow of outrage."

The explanation may be simple. This huge document is nothing more, conceivably, than Ruark's bellow of outrage upon discovering that the Fates have not let Kenya be the paradise he imagined.

Notes

This spring book season, like all book seasons, brings its quota of novels that shoot for high marks and do not quite make them or aim at lower targets and strike them. Five such noteworthy books are appraised below.

BRONX GIRL IN KENT: Take a girl named Iris Dodd, age twenty-three, born and raised on Tremont Avenue in the Bronx. At high school Iris acquired a fraction of a smattering of an education, after which she became a subway-riding stenographer. Then her childhood sweetheart, Martin Dodd, proposed to her in the Small Mammals House at the Bronx Zoo. They were married and now, a year later, we find them set down abruptly in the English countryside, near a tiny Kentish village called Porg Mednip. At this point we have our wise-cracking stenographer in what we might call an interesting condition—trying to cope with British manners and morals.

Which modern American author would you prefer to have write the story of Iris in England? You might readily suggest the name of Jerome Weidman, and he has done it. But, sad to say, it doesn't come off. Mr. Weidman's book **"Your Daughter Iris"** (Doubleday, $3.95) consists of a series of letters written by Iris to her Ma in the Bronx. Iris, as reflected in her letters, is a strangely inconsistent creature, not quite as dumb as Lorelei or the various young ladies whose correspondence fell into the hands of Ring Lardner. In her own way, however, Iris is dumb enough to suit. Gladstone? "What's his racket?" she asks. Chaucer and Thomas à Becket? "I have nothing against either one. It's just that I feel more at home with

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Roy Campenella and Yogi Berra." Yet this same girl is capable of making straight-faced references to Picasso, moonlight rituals in Haiti, Florence Nightingale's association with the Light Brigade, and even Albert Payson Terhune.

I think Mr. Weidman would have come up with a fine novel if he had chosen another format (and if he had altered his plot a bit). Granted that Iris is a Dodger fan, it somehow doesn't seem quite right for her to sprinkle her letters to Ma with figures of speech out of baseball, the prize ring, military aviation, and even pool-shooting. Then, too, there's the matter of the young lady's writing style. On the one hand she's slangy, breezy, naive, and brash. But when she comes up against a situation in which her sentimental soul is stirred, which is frequently, she lapses into the prose style of Hemingway. Or, more accurately, into a prose style that might result from a collaboration between Hemingway and Kathleen Norris.

—H. Allen Smith.

DIVIDED LOYALTIES: In **"Venture Into Darkness"** (Longmans, Green, $3.95) Alice Tisdale Hobart has lit her own small candle in the night. Her novel offers a clear, if sometimes repetitious, account of the complicated loyalties tearing at the Chinese people amid the successes and excesses of their revolution—the Marxist code of state necessity against the Confucian code of right conduct. David Conway, an old China hand born in the yellow-tiled city of Peking of American parents, arrives at Hong Kong after a hazardous journey from America. His purpose is to negotiate via the Red underground for the release from prison of the man who had succeeded him in his job in a Shanghai bank. Conway's remorse over this Damon's arrest is deepened by the fact that the hope that lay behind his own departure from China—the saving of a worthless marriage—fails to materialize.

In Hong Kong he experiences successive shocks. First, old friends tell him that the ransom placed upon Damon is far beyond his means. Second, he is told that Damon's mind has cracked under torture. Third, he is given a chance to rescue Damon provided he is himself willing to be part of the desperate operation. And the shocks continue: after worming his way into the outskirts of Shanghai he is betrayed by his companion Mu San, son of his best Chinese friends, who turns out to be a Communist. His discovery of the execution of Damon is followed by his own arrest, and the interrogator who relentlessly begins the task of breaking down his mind (which is understandably already badly beat) is, of course, Mu San himself. In the end Conway has a chance to dramatize the meaning of his own life to his Chinese friends.

Unhappily, Mrs. Hobart has a tendency to overdefine, losing her fast-paced story in long, expository flashbacks and illustrated analyses. The style is competent, though frequently pedestrian and unpardonably obvious. But it is also earnest and illuminating and it succeeds in carrying the reader along despite its defects.

—Charles Lee.

FEY AUNT: In **"Auntie Mame"** (Vanguard, $3.50) Patrick Dennis has strung together a series of burlesques which combine generous measures of satire, nostalgia, and mildly demented horseplay. Mr. Dennis may sometimes scorn subtlety for a stripe of humor that is as delicate as a squirt of Vichy—but he also avoids dulness. There isn't a languid page in his hilarious chronicle of the foibles of three decades.

Auntie Mame, on whose milky shoulders Mr. Dennis hangs his story, is a dilettante of the frantic Twenties who happens to be entrusted with the rearing of an orphaned nephew. She is first encountered in her Freudian phase, when she enters her ward in a school so progressive that it rejects clothes as well as books; the only impedimenta of this nude school are ultraviolet lamps and a sculptured replica of a cow's pelvis. After the school is raided (while the kiddies are playing a fascinating biological game called "Fish Families") and little Patrick enrolled in a more conventional academy Auntie Mame is exposed to some of the more pervasive influences of the twentieth century. She rises above them beautifully and hilariously. The Depression, the Old South, World War II, suburbia, the United Nations, *et al.*, evoke responses in Mr. Dennis's auntie that make Proteus look like a piker.

—Martin Levin.

TROUBLED ADOLESCENT: In Anne Chamberlain's **"The Tall Dark Man"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3) a thirteen-year-old girl named Sarah Lou Gross watches a fight between two men on a nearby hillside and says to herself tonelessly while the fight goes on, "Win, tall man. Win . . . Win, win, my hero!" Then she sees the tall man kill the other, leaving on the November earth a widening pool of blood. Fascinated, she can't swerve her glance from the spot. She remains fixed in her seat when the tall dark man takes out field glasses and sweeps the countryside methodically for witnesses, and

Anne Chamberlain—"curious and sensitive."

she knows, as does he when he spots her, that she, the little girl in the junior-high study hall, is the only one. They meet in that long, locked look, though Sarah, having no field glasses, has to imagine the color and depth of his eyes.

Sarah's problem is complicated by another that besets many adolescents. Her mounting terror is complicated by the fact that she is concerned that she is unpopular. "I don't like people and they don't like me. . . ." To define her special problem Mrs. Chamberlain asks, "How did an extremely unpopular girl get company home? . . . She would give the turquoise dress with the black velvet sash. Surely, for all her money and the turquoise dress somebody would walk her home." But, of course, she doesn't get any company home.

Most curious and sensitive in her approach to a little girl's mind, Mrs. Chamberlain writes out the afternoon of almost unendurable anguish. Sarah is, of course, her own worst enemy for her heart is with the tall dark man as he kills (she is a little girl in search of a father) and later as he lurks in the schoolyard "there . . . behind the tree." "You know," says one part of Sarah to the other, "what it is like behind the tree. You want him to stay hidden . . . He is your only friend."

In a day when the public is will-

(*Continued on page* 53)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. William Makepeace Thackeray. 2. George du Maurier. 3. F. Marion Crawford. 4. Rudyard Kipling. 5. Arthur Guiterman. 6. Somerset Maugham. 7. Henry R. Luce. 8. C. S. Forester. 9. George Orwell (Eric Arthur Blair). 10. John Hersey.

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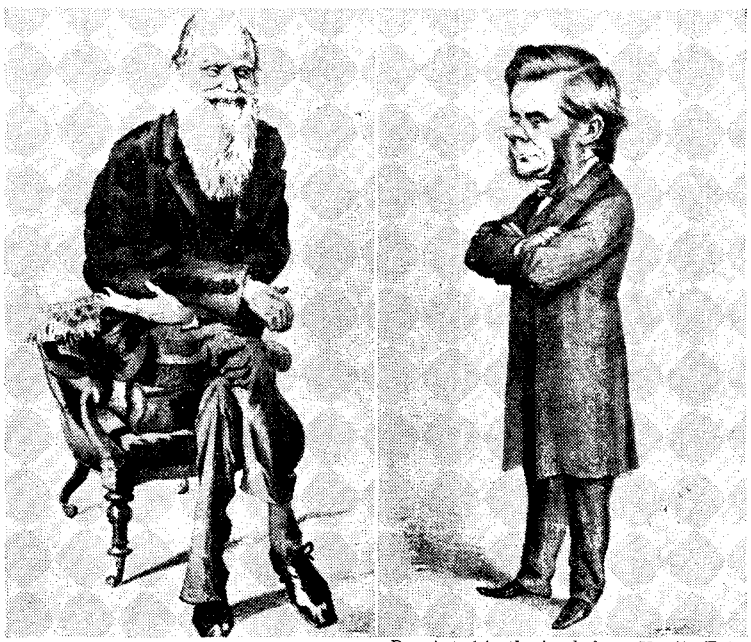

—*Reprinted in the book from* Vanity Fair.

Charles Darwin and T. H. Huxley—"united primarily by an idea."

The Big Shakeup

"Apes, Angels, and Victorians," by William Irvine *(McGraw-Hill. 399 pp. $5), is a double biography: of Charles Darwin, builder of the theory of evolution, and of T. H. Huxley, who battled for its public acceptance. Ruth Moore, who reviews it below, is the author of "Man, Time, and Fossils" and other books.*

By Ruth Moore

IT WAS another of those periods, much like the present, when the beliefs on which men had based their lives had been badly shaken. The publication of Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" on November 24, 1859 had done the shaking.

When the British Association for the Advancement of Science met at Oxford late in June 1860 a clash over the issues Darwin had raised was inevitable. Darwin was not present. His gentleness and his physical inability to endure public controversy made his attendance almost unthinkable.

But Darwin and evolution had a champion, the thirty-five-year-old biologist T. H. (Thomas Henry) Huxley. Huxley had found in the "Origin" the scientific explanation of life's origins and diversity that he had been seeking. Furthermore, the "wildcat" in him had been aroused by the instant and devastating attack made on the new theory.

When the Bishop of Oxford, in his address at the meeting, icily asked Huxley whether it was through his grandmother or grandfather that he claimed descent from an ape Huxley decided to "let him have it." He answered with a deadly effect that turned the meeting into turmoil that he would prefer an ape to a brilliant man who plunged into scientific controversies of which he knew nothing.

Thus the pattern was set. Darwin built the theory. Huxley from this point on made men face what Sir Charles Lyell called "the painful necessity of renouncing preconceived opinions."

This is one of the great stories of science and history, a story essential to understanding the social and scientific thought of today. It is a story that is told with scholarship, accuracy, and insight by William Irvine in his "Apes, Angels, and Victorians."

After opening with the drama of Oxford, Professor Irvine turns to the separate lives of Darwin and Huxley. He takes Huxley around the world on the voyage of the *Rattlesnake* and tells of his struggle to establish himself as a scientist in a society where there were few places for such specialists.

He shifts then to the full and remarkable life of Darwin. Here is another enthralling voyage around the world, the quiet years at Down, the twenty years of work on the "Origin," the shock of Wallace's hitting upon the same ideas, the writing of the other books that filled in and strengthened the theory of evolution, the final honors, and the scientific acceptance of the "Origin."

THE remainder of "Apes, Angels, and Victorians" is given over to the life of Huxley, a life crowded with one stirring battle after another for science and evolution.

The association of the two men was never close. As Professor Irvine says, they were united primarily by an idea. But this relationship more than justifies the combining of the two biographies into one. Darwin in his retreat at Down was so far removed that the tumult produced by his theories often seems muted. In Huxley's life the impact of evolution on the thought of the day and particularly on religion hits with full force. Here is the battle in all its uproar.

As a specialist in Victorian literature at Stanford University, Professor Irvine writes with authority of the times of these two men and of the great figures with whom they were linked, Gladstone, Carlyle, Hooker, Lyell, Balfour, Spencer, Arnold. He also makes a considered approach to the problem of biography. In discussing a biography of Hume written by Huxley he discloses his own belief that the key to biography is character. He prefers Carlyle's fulness to Huxley's bare and rapid narrative. In accord with this principle he not only piles up a great wealth of detail to show Darwin and Huxley as they were, but appraises, weighs, and analyzes both actions and thought.

This is at once a strength and weakness of the book. It occasionally makes the author appear all-knowing and a little patronizing. It also at times interrupts an absorbing story. Just as the reader has lost himself in the narrative, say of Darwin's work with orchids or Huxley's triumphal tour of America, he is jerked back by a stop for appraisal. It is the difference between living through an event and hearing a lecture about it, however brilliant the lecture.

But this carefully documented and thoughtful book about Darwin and Huxley is an important addition to the new group of books on Darwin and evolution. The filling in of the fossil record and modern genetics have demonstrated that Darwin was right in maintaining that natural selection is the great force shaping life, and it has brought an intensified interest in Darwin.

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The Social Cell

"The Direction of Human Development," by M. F. Ashley Montagu *(Harper. 404 pp. $5), offers a reinterpretation of the Darwinian thesis to show that for the fittest to survive it is necessary for human beings to cooperate. It is reviewed below by Professor Weston La Barre of Duke University, author of "The Human Animal."*

By Weston La Barre

OLD-FASHIONED social Darwinians, who saw always in human society the same Nature "red in tooth and claw," have evidently not understood Darwin himself correctly. The rule, thinks M. F. Ashley Montagu, has been not constant competition but in fact higher orders of cooperation among organisms. In "The Direction of Human Development," a learned, eloquent, and often impassioned book, an eminent anthropologist has shown us how "fitness," even in the Darwinian sense, often consists in the survival of organic components—cells, separate individuals, or societies—*because of their association together.* Indeed, the universal fact of reproduction is a social relationship which characterizes all living organisms, even single-celled ones. The same social fact is true of multicellular animals. The cells of a sponge when mechanically separated may be able to survive independently, yet they show a "social appetite" to join together again, because of the superior survival advantages of such association. The separated cells of a fertilized frog's egg show the same tendency to migrate together, and here it is even more important for their joint survival.

The biological value of association is shown not only in the social insects but also in the "mood convection" of higher animals, which binds them together into mutually protective groups. The same principle is no less evident in man, whose body is an intricate society of 60,000,000,000,000 cells, and whose brain is an exquisitely complex association of nine billion neurones into one functioning whole. Nor is even this the total picture of man. Dr. Montagu piles up impressive evidence that the very nature of human nature is to be social, and in a new and extreme manner which embraces all men, living, dead, and to come. For man's most conspicuous and unique adaptation, culture, is what remains of men's past working on their present to shape their future. In man there is an organic element of the species-as-a-whole. "Man is an open energy system constantly receiving, exchanging, and transforming energy within the larger whole, society."

Interesting as these ideas are in the abstract, they are still more significant for our practical understanding. It is for their immediate bearing on human relations—from child care to social ethics—that these studies are the most valuable. Dr. Montagu is a vocal and persuasive advocate of "rooming in" of the baby with the mother in the hospital (or, better yet, birth at home), breast feeding, and the self-demand schedule of the baby. For all these practices he cites good biological reasons. The baby is *necessary* for the mother who has just borne him, and in physiological terms; for the early suckling of the infant stimulates the return of the uterus to normal size and greatly lessens the dangers of bleeding. The mother is just as necessary to the mammalian infant, and in unexpected ways. Germ-free animals reared experimentally unaccountably died until it was discovered

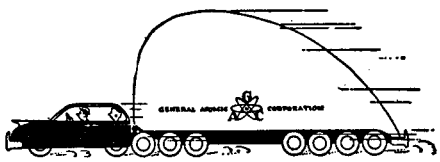
Tomautos for Tomorrow?

THE imaginative prognosticators of the coming atomic age have long been predicting such miraculous comforts as atomic airplanes, atomic ships, and atomic automobiles. With some of these predictions even the informed prognosticators agree. In his **"Atoms for Peace"** *(Dodd, Mead, $3) engineer-writer David O. Woodbury goes along with some of them. He agrees that it would not be surprising to find the U.S. Navy standardized on atomic power within twenty-five years, that the skies may be filled with atomic—though, perhaps, inefficient—airplanes in ten years, and that the atom will be a great help in, among other things, combatting heart diseases and in keeping apples and oranges firm and fresh for long periods of time. But when it comes to the atomic automobile Mr. Woodbury's answer is "Tomautos!" Here is what he has to say in his book about the atom-auto:*

• • Imaginative people, a lot of them journalists, have repeatedly dreamed of the car into whose tank one merely puts an "atomic pill" and then forgets about fuel for good. Two hundred years on one pound of uranium, let us say. The only thing the prophets didn't mention was a name for the gadget. I suggest "atom-auto," conveniently shortened to "tomauto."

• • Gasoline has been doing a fine job in the family car for fifty years, and would certainly not yield to the atom without a struggle. It would have about everything on its side, too. First, shielding. Not a scientist is to be found today who will admit that shielding can ever be light in weight, since it is weight itself that provides the resistance to radiation. Thus, our atom-autos are going to be embarrassingly heavy, carrying fifty tons or so of lead or concrete or pig iron to save us from being rayed to death by our engines.

• • Anyway, the minimum critical mass would be enough to furnish power for the relatively tiny requirements of a car for decades, maybe fifty years. Thus, when you sold your car for junk it would still have virtually a new engine and its tank would still be "full." Tank and engine would run through dozens



of cars. You might, of course, imagine a system in which you bought a mileage interest in a car (which would be as big as a Pullman and have the tires of an earthmover), sold it for scrap, and installed the engine in another vehicle, and then another, till you gave up and went back to gasoline.

• • The atomic auto would be a nuisance in the morning, too. A pile doesn't simply turn on, it has to be brought up to criticality and the chain reaction started with great care. In the presence of experts this takes at least an hour, and is said to be the only moment when a fission reaction is in real danger of getting out of hand.

• • It would be a trifle embarrassing to get into a crash with your atomic car and its fifty tons of shielding. It might mow down a whole block before its accumulated momentum could be absorbed.

Still want a "tomauto?"

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that the proper functioning of the autonomic systems of the baby animals was not being stimulated by the mother's licking of her young. In humans the closeness of the mother-child tie has again been demonstrated by the Fels Institute studies. If a mother undergoes severe emotional stresses in pregnancy the child is likely to be born and develop as a hyperactive, irritable, squirming, crying infant with frequent need of food, frequent bowel emptying, frequent regurgitation of food, and poor sleep habits. As Sontag puts it, "He is to all intents and purposes a neurotic infant when he is born—the result of an unsatisfactory fetal environment."

OUR ethical value-preferences as well, thinks Dr. Montagu, are not arbitrary but conditioned by organic requirements. Does some spiritual "ought" have nothing to do with biological facts? But it does; for if we can show that some human functions are best furthered by certain value-conditions then we have proof that this "ought" does have concrete biological meaning in differential-survival terms. For example, psychologists have shown that maternal neglect can cripple the ability for abstract thought—because the baby has not learned through love the complex ins-and-outs of his tribe's symbol systems, adds the anthropologist. But symbolic thinking is the hallmark of the human being. Therefore, maternal neglect mutilates our humanity. In its organic needs human nature is good; it is our present human nurture that is bad. "Man requires no supernatural sanctions for love. Love is a fact of nature, and it is the most important of all the facts about human nature."

The book is somewhat repetitious, as is inevitable in a book based on published articles. It is also at times perhaps a bit technical for the greatest lay audience it deserves, while for the specialist Dr. Montagu may occasionally weaken his case by overstating it.

But in its main trend it is a sound and necessary corrective for the atomistic and inhuman practices advocated by Behaviorism in the Twenties. To correct our inveterate moral blindness about our own nature we need the occasional fervor of an Old Testament prophet, and Dr. Montagu states convictions in which many of us will unashamedly join him. "In the nature of the basic needs we have the Rosetta Stone, which translates into the vernacular what the direction of human development ought to be, what, indeed, it must be if the human race is to survive."

The Web of Sensibility

"The Psychological Novel: 1900-1950," by Leon Edel *(J. B. Lippincott. 224 pp. $3), uses the work of Proust, Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, and Virginia Woolf to explicate the difficulties of the type of fiction that is designed to show that "experience is never limited, and . . . never complete." Professor Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard here uses it as an occasion to discuss the possibilities and the limitations of the psychological novel.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

DISTINGUISHED as a close, sympathetic student of Henry James, Leon Edel in "The Psychological Novel: 1900-1950" (which originally took shape as lectures at Princeton) luminously discusses general technical problems implicit in that form of novel. He pays tribute to the earlier examples of James and Dujardin, but his discussion essentially begins with the years 1913-1915, when three influential Europeans published examples of this kind of fiction. Proust brought out two volumes in 1913, Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man," that prologue to "Ulysses," was printed in 1914, and Dorothy Richardson's unjustly forgotten "Pilgrimage" in twelve volumes was inaugurated in 1915. Drawing upon these authors and upon others, notably Virginia Woolf, Mr. Edel explicates the structural difficulties of fiction designed to show, in James's phrase, that "experience is never limited, and it is never complete."

Well, the first paradox is that albeit the intent of psychological fiction is to demonstrate that anybody's sensibility is "a kind of huge spider-web . . . suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every airborne particle in its tissue" (the phrase is again James's) nothing of this sort is quite possible. Many experiences, many memories, many emotions, probably most of them, are not verbal, and yet the author, with *only* words at his command, must, by a careful selection and amassing of details, create the illusion of crowded consciousness—that is, the illusion that there has been no selection and amassing. Hence the tendency, by all kinds of allusiveness to employ publicly accepted symbols (the classical ones in "Ulysses," for example), or a private set of symbols the reader must somehow pick up as he goes along. This sometimes results in loading the fictional page with centrifugal details leading attention away from the story and towards an unnecessary encyclopedism.

In the second place, whether the form of the narrative be first person or not the psychological novel tends to become autobiographical either in the sense that the reader watches an imagined consciousness unfold and identifies with it, or in the sense that, as in the case of Proust, the author transfers to a fictional being his own autobiography. As the reader is supposed to be placed inside the stream of consciousness in question, the writer must be alert to keep inside that stream also, to define the limits of the stream, and yet never quite to inform the reader what these limits may be. But readers are often more or less intelligent than the game implies. When the reader does not understand the limits of the stream of consciousness under inspection he may refuse to play the game expected. Thus many intelligent persons are baffled by Benjy's "day" in "The Sound and the Fury" because no intelligible signals are given as to the kind of consciousness involved (I waive the question of jumping in and out that stream, as Faulkner, I think, does). On the other hand, cultivated readers begin to wonder whether all the elaborate hocus-pocus in Part Three of "Ulysses" does not impoverish the work of art, inasmuch as elaborate and pedantic allusiveness and parody require a totally different kind of attention from that demanded of the fiction reader.

A third element is the central role time plays in psychological fiction. Mr. Edel rightly quotes Bergson's phrase about the invisible progress of the past as it gnaws into the future. From one point of view the psychological novelist must stand insecurely poised precisely at the point where gnawing takes place, casting lines simultaneously in both directions, a feat requiring considerable expertise in the writer but not therefore of equal interest to the reader. In "Mrs. Dalloway" retrospective time is of the essence of the book, but how much is gained by playing tricks with time-

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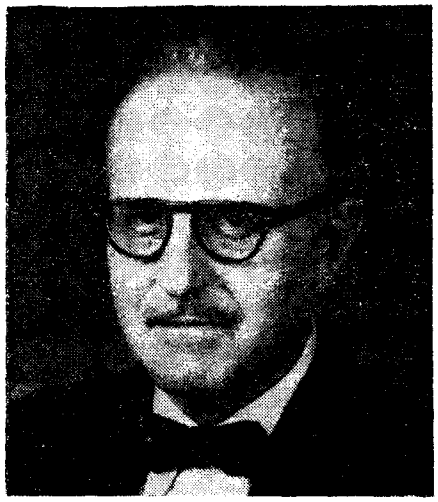

Leon Edel—luminous discussions.

sequences in other novels is an open question.

IN A penultimate chapter Mr. Edel deals with the novel as a poem, and here his chief exhibit is Virginia Woolf, to whom he pays deserved tribute. Mrs. Woolf, however, retained her allegiance to the primary duty of novelists, that is, to some sort of narrative flow. Mr. Edel vaguely seems to prefer "Finnegans Wake," the written words of which, he says, "tease the intellectual part of our minds by their composite character and their elaborate many-languaged puns." It seems to him that such a book represents the ultimate achievement of the psychological novel, inasmuch as the writer is "attempting to create the illusion of a mind flowing with thought and image and impression." This fact, he thinks, justifies the novelist in turning to symbolist poetry and, if necessary, inventing a language that will "match the language of the mind."

I suspect, however, that outside of a select critical circle the cross-word puzzle quality of the style of "Finnegans Wake" has destroyed acceptance of the work as fiction, whatever its appeal as "poetry" may be. And this fact, if it be one, raises the whole vast question of the ultimate worth of the elaborate techniques of psychological fiction. If the primary triumph of fiction is to give the reader the illusion that he has a supreme and confidential insight into somebody else's mind the psychological novel from 1900 to 1950 may be the capstone of literary art.

If, however, the primary triumph of fiction is to present us with recognizable human beings whose reality is more vivid than life itself two observations are pertinent. The first is that from Samuel Richardson to Sinclair Lewis successful novelists have enriched mankind with great figures whose creation seemed in no way to depend upon the theory of the superior virtues of the stream of consciousness. The second is that where the psychological novel has given us memorable figures—those in Proust, for example—it is difficult to determine whether they are memorable because of the method. Is Huckleberry Finn more or less "real" than Maisie in "What Maisie Knew"? Is not Ivy Peters in "A Lost Lady," without benefit of anybody's stream-of-consciousness, a far more disturbing figure of evil than is Popeye in "Sanctuary," a novel that plays temporal tricks in the best psychological manner?

Mr. Edel is under no responsibility to answer questions like these, inasmuch as his purpose was to explicate the techniques of psychological fiction. I do not see how anybody can improve on his discussion of the subject. His prose is simple and luminous, the organization of his book is firm, and his text is based on wide reading, genuine scholarship, and a contagious enthusiasm for fine art. My doubts are not in the least directed against his book; they are directed against a general uncritical acceptance of novelty as advance, a general assumption that somehow the novel after Joyce is more likely to be an artistic success than it was before he wrote. Perhaps it is an unmanly evasion of the issue to murmur that there are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays. But in an unpublished fragment Willa Cather said: "No art can do anything at all with great natural forces or great elemental emotions. No poet can write of love, hate, jealousy. He can only touch these things as they affect the people in his drama, and his story."

Does the stream-of-consciousness method, does the psychological novel really get us forward in our fictional mode of seeing how love, hate, and jealousy affect character? If it does it assists the novel. Insofar as it mistakes after-images fished out of the stream of past time, for the actual impact of love, hate, and jealousy on character, it substitutes pretense for presentation, and a kind of smoldering dialectic for the clean impact of drama. And the choice is not that between the death of Sydney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities" and the death of Nancy in "Requiem for a Nun"; the choice is a function of the task laid on the writer in that great preface to "The Nigger of the Narcissus" which begins modern theorizing about fiction—the choice is entirely a function "of the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*."

—*By James Woodress, from "Booth Tarkington."*

Booth Tarkington—"dazzling success."

Prosperous Penrod

"Booth Tarkington: Gentleman from Indiana," by James Woodress *(J. B. Lippincott. 350 pp. $5), is the first biography of the author of "Alice Adams," "The Magnificent Ambersons," and "The Midlander." Richard A. Cordell of Purdue University, our reviewer, is a specialist in Hoosier literature.*

By Richard A. Cordell

WHEN Booth Tarkington died nine years ago obituaries and praise appeared in many periodicals, but there was no serious appraisal of his work—for the simple reason that it attracted no serious critic. Why? He was one of the most popular American writers of the Twenties and Thirties—and his was not "literature for chambermaids," to use Stephen Crane's contemptuous phrase. Hundreds of thousands of intelligent readers enjoyed "Seventeen" and the Penrod stories; "Alice Adams" and "The Magnificent Ambersons" won and deserved Pulitzer Prizes. In 1921 American booksellers voted him the most significant living author; in 1922 in a contest conducted by *The Literary Digest* he was rated first among American writers (Lewis was tenth, Dreiser fourteenth, Zane Grey thirteenth); also in 1922 a contest in *The New York Times* placed Tarkington among the ten greatest contemporary Americans, the only author in the list. Such popularity does not guarantee greatness, but it helps persuade us that Tarkington should not be ignored.

Tarkington was painfully aware that he was usually treated indulgently, if not patronizingly, by the critics, of whom he had a low opinion

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in general. In his last years he complained that American criticism was largely in the hands of the leftist sympathizers, who were disdainful of conservatism and optimism. Was he too much the Hoosier Brahmin in the hard-boiled age of Dreiser, Hemingway, Lewis, Fitzgerald, and O'Neill? A lifelong admirer of Howell's reticent realism, he viewed the frankness and earthiness of the postwar novelist with distaste. Hemingway impressed him as "a Kansas University football beef"; Fitzgerald's bohemianism affronted him; when Sinclair Lewis visited Indianapolis in 1939 Tarkington refused to meet him, although Lewis, who invariably praised Tarkington's books in private and in lectures, expressed a desire to call on him. Tarkington said simply that Lewis was "among the people I don't want to sit down with." Although he was a close friend of fellow-Hoosiers Ade, Riley, and Nicholson he was hardly aware that Dreiser existed.

NO DOUBT his reactionary political, esthetic, and economic views, coupled with an almost saccharine optimism, made objective criticism of his fiction difficult. He praised McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt; he regarded every feature of the New Deal with horror. He suggested psychiatric treatment rather than government-provided food and shelter for the victims of the Depression, declaring that it resulted from a loss of confidence in business. (The Tarkingtons kept their eleven servants during these thin years.) He disliked not only the blatancies of the twentieth century, but even such mildly controversial figures as the Impressionist painters—in his Indianapolis home hung a Titian, a Velasquez, and a Goya, and several paintings by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Lely, Stuart, and Romney. His rejection of determinism and his belief that man shapes his own destiny through "resolve and industry," his optimistic notion that if a man believes he has no troubles he has none, his disapproval of sex-frankness and styptic criticism of America in the new fiction, his gentlemanly dismay at the "new society swarming upward above the old surfaces"—should these attitudes affect critical evaluation of his books?

Only insofar as they affect his stories and plays, and they usually do. In spite of the fact that Tarkington had served in the Indiana legislature and knew first hand the shenanigans of politicians "The Gentleman from Indiana" has a Tom Swift quality that makes it almost unreadable today. "The Turmoil," with accurate surface realism, attacks vigorously the ugly aspects of commercialism, but in the end the poet-protagonist is defeated by it; the ending is not satirical, for approval of Babbs's surrender is implied. Only "Alice Adams," expertly written and his most honest book, retains its note of ironic realism to the end. Although equally well written (especially skilful is the study of a mother-son relationship) "The Magnificent Ambersons" is likely to make modern readers uncomfortable with its banal moral theme of "work and regeneration." In "The Midlander" Dan Oliphant is both a builder and victim of industrial America; and although he is completely crushed by his creation there is the illogical implication that order and beauty will eventually prevail.

James Woodress's new biography, "Booth Tarkington: Gentleman from Indiana," is no more exciting than the subject, but it is packed with information and paints a complete picture of Tarkington's backgrounds. Here is all we ever need to know about his childhood and family; his schooling at Phillips Exeter, Purdue, and Princeton; his dazzling success as a novelist, his frequent failures as a playwright; his travels, marriages, ailments, etc. Less profitable are the biographer's analyses of the plays and stories (faithfully and painfully complete—he does not miss one), for he bestows on them more praise than critical judgment.

Besides filling a gap in American literary history this book can render a further service: it can send readers again to "Alice Adams," "The Magnificent Ambersons," and "The Midlander," deftly and gracefully written stores of the rise of industrialism in Indiana, which Tarkington knew as well as Flaubert knew Normandy, and he was just as sharply observant as the French realist. Critics may deplore his standpattism, but they must admit that he possessed the first requisite of a good novelist: he knew how to tell a story.

Engrossing Gods

OLYMPUS REVISITED: Since the time of Euripides and Aeschylus the myths and legends of Greece have exerted a fascination for writers. The latest (and surely not the last) is Rex Warner, who retells nine tales in **"The Vengeance of the Gods"** (Michigan State College Press, $3.50). Each tale deals with an epic character, ranging from such a supernatural one as Prometheus the Fire-bringer to such a merely semi-natural one as Helen of Troy. The others here are Ion, Alcestis, Hippolytus, Iphegenia, Agamemnon, and Orestes; and, as Mr. Warner's title suggests, all are in one way or another involved in vengeance. He relates their struggles in a style so utterly limpid and clear that the confusion, murder, love, and retribution emerge in a frightfully naked and affecting simplicity. All his characters are interesting, especially in the frequent clashes between humanity and divinity. A slave remarks to the angry Aphrodite, "For gods ought to be wiser than men and more understanding," but they are as prone to all the human passions. That is one reason why these legends retain their fresh and universal appeal.

On the dust jacket of the book, a place where publishers usually indulge in wishful thinking, the prediction is made that the book "will be a delight to both young and old." To this reviewer, who is neither, the tales have brought immense delight. They are agelessly, and eternally, engrossing. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

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WEEKEND FUN

Take Me out to the Binder

Now is the time of year the thoughts of boys of all ages—and girls too—turn to the baseball diamond. SR *continues its occasional series on the literature of recreation with a discussion of the season's outstanding books on baseball.*

By Al Silverman

SOME day in the world of letters there will come along a completely unselfish public figure, one who will publish his memoirs under his own byline, but who will dedicate them not to his mother, father, wife, or mistress, but to "Joe Doakes, without whose writing this book could never have been written." Meanwhile a most anonymous profession, ghost-writing, continues in its obscurity, except for the apologetic "as told to" or "edited by" inscribed in small type in an inconspicuous corner.

When ghost-writer Charles Einstein, to get down to cases, collaborated with Willie Mays on his new autobiography, **"Born to Play Ball"** (Putnam, $3), funny things happened. Einstein had the occasion one afternoon to call Mays on the telephone to clear up a few story points.

"Hello, Willie," Einstein said, "this is Charlie."

"Charlie who?" Mays answered.

"Charlie Einstein," the author replied with considerable pique, "the fellow who's writing the book for you."

"What book?"

Be that as it may, "Born to Play Ball" is a genuine *tour de force*, surely the first time in baseball history that an autobiography has been written by a twenty-three-year-old player who has had only one full season as a major-leaguer. After all, Stendhal's private diaries weren't made public until long after his death. And Thomas De Quincey didn't write his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater" until he was thirty-six. Then again, it is unlikely that either man could play center field in the altogether incredible manner Willie Mays does for the New York Giants.

This young innocent is touched with magic. In 1951 he joins the Giants at mid-season and the Giants promptly ascend from the lower depths to a pennant. In 1952 and 1953 Mays plays his baseball for the U.S. Army and the Giants play their baseball as if they only had eight men on the field. In 1954 Mays returns to the Polo Grounds and not only do the Giants win another pennant but Willie Mays wins the league batting title and its most-valuable-player award.

It is a tribute to ghost-writer Einstein, who is also the author of a recent perceptive baseball novel, "The Only Game in Town," that he can extract so much juice from such an unripe orange. Naturally, Willie's contributions to the Giants' two pennants make up the bulk of the book, but there are also revealing little sketches of Willie growing up in Fairfield, Alabama, and being called "Buckduck" by his friends, personal tips on how to play center field, his relationship with his manager, Leo Durocher, and his fellow ballplayers. There are moments, too, when Einstein the ghost runs off and forgets about Mays the author, as in a learned and somewhat prolonged discussion of inside baseball strategy. But, above all, there is always the good humor, the "I-am-twenty-three-and-can-never-die" feeling which is so integral to the Mays personality.

In the matter of autobiographies, Herr Alexander Schacht, more extensively known as the "Clown Prince of Baseball," goes one up on Mr. Willie Mays. This is only justice because Al Schacht, at sixty-two, is considerably more sophisticated in the ways of the world. He has, in his time, been a hard-luck pitcher, a serio-comic coach at third base, a wartime overseas entertainer, and, today, a successful restauranteur. Fourteen years ago, in 1941, Schacht wrote his first autobiography, "Clowning through Baseball." This spring he erupts with a new book, **"My Own Particular Screwball"** (Doubleday, $3.50), and an entirely new point of view. Incidentally, the "editing" is handled by Ed Keyes, one more neglected ghost.

The most interesting thing about Al's new one is in comparing it with the 1941 model. There is bound to be repetition, and there is. But the dissimilarities are even more evident. Then, Schacht was writing with charm and innocence, and throwing in overabundant quantities of corn and apocryphal stories. But he was curiously reticent about Mr. Schacht himself. "My Own Particular Screwball" is just the opposite, which may be the way to write two autobiographies within a fourteen-year period. It is bare of corn and full of the biting realism of the period, inspired perhaps by those two momentous products of the postwar era—the Bomb and the earthy Italian movie. So Schacht tells his story with a good deal more letting down of hair, how it was growing up "a Jewboy who was born in Catherine Street on the East Side of New York . . . who had to grow up tough, and shrewd, in order to outsmart the toughies, or in case he got caught, to try to fight his way clear." It contains all the substance the earlier book lacked, but anyone who read the old and compares it with the new might get a terribly wistful feeling for those lost and oh so simple times which seem so far away today.

THERE are two remarkable things about Lee Allen's new book, **"The Hot Stove League"** (A. S. Barnes, $3), this baseball season of 1955. One, it isn't ghost-written. Two, it is the first time in memory that a baseball book largely concerned with anecdotes contains not one Dizzy Dean story. The author is to be blessed for this superhuman show of restraint.

Actually, Allen is primarily concerned with the little-known, neglected bits of baseball memorabilia. He is, if you will, a combination Dr. Kinsey and Malcolm Cowley. Thus we get such statistical nuggets as these: The average major-leaguer weighs 180.6 and is six feet tall. Best ballplayers are second-generation Americans. The divorce rate among ballplayers is extremely low. Phil Rizzuto's first name is Fiero, not Philip. Myril Hoag, the old Yankee outfielder, wore a size four shoe on his left foot and four and a half on his right. When Cincinnati organized its first professional team its famous Red Stockings were sewed by a girl whose name was Margaret Truman, and who later married the star pitcher. It's all a lot of fun and Allen, who has authored a number of books, including a history of the Cincinnati Reds, performs professionally throughout.

The book on the Reds, inciden-

(*Continued on page* 51)

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The Saturday Review

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Book Review Editor
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Contributing Editors
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James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Publisher
J. R. Cominsky

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

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Fifteenth Birthday

THIS is going to be personal. There is no excuse for it except the occasion of our fifteenth anniversary at *The Saturday Review*. Moreover, new things are afoot at the magazine and this may be a good occasion both for some reminiscent notes and a report to the customers.

First, we have always felt a little uneasy about being in the editor's chair. It was capaciously built in 1924 to fit Henry Seidel Canby, requiring no alterations for Bernard DeVoto and George Stevens; but it took on cosmic dimensions when we tried it on for size in 1940. We sat in it only because no one else would. Eight or nine men of considerable prominence in the world of letters were offered the editorship; all declined. Nor could they be blamed. The magazine was broke. After a decade of depression *The Saturday Review of Literature* was beginning to show its ribs. It was kept going in 1938 and 1939 because its creditors were a hardy band of optimistic gamblers. It helped, too, to have a man of the persistence of Harrison Smith as president of the company, and a person of the capacity and energy of Miss Amy Loveman as chief sustainer of the editorial burden.

From 1924 to 1937 the magazine had made up its annual deficit through the generosity of Thomas Lamont. After that it was on its own, which is to say its uppers. When George Stevens resigned as editor to join Lippincott's at the end of 1939 Mr. Smith had the responsibility to find a successor. He dutifully made the rounds. The men he approached were highly qualified but also highly rational; they were of no mind to engage in a tilting contest with creditors, however genial.

We met Mr. Smith only because of a happy proximity. At the time we were working on a monthly magazine in the same building. When Mr. Stevens resigned we would go down to the eighth floor after hours to lend a hand to Mr. Smith and Miss Loveman. We even accompanied Mr. Smith on his tour of duty in quest of an editorial captain, adding our own hopeful voice to his in describing our joint faith in the ability of *SRL* to match its editorial excellence with business success. It was a pretty story and we believed it; but it was the kind of thing you had to prove before you could get others to go along—almost like having to convince a banker that you didn't need and couldn't use any money before he was willing to lend you a dime.

We're not quite sure at this distance exactly how it happened that we actually got the editor's job. We suspect that Mr. Smith grew tired of looking at about the same time that we became convinced of our own sales talk in making the job appealing to others.

The new editor, then, was a fellow in his mid-twenties who literally had nothing to lose and everything to learn. He had behind him some experience as a book reviewer, education writer, and managing editor for a world-affairs monthly. He was interested in history, ideas, and people; but he badly needed seasoning, and perhaps still does. This much, however, he did have: confidence in the fact that there was a strong and growing audience in America for a magazine that made good taste its franchise—good taste in the things that make for an exciting life of the mind. He believed deeply in books as molders of ideas and shapers of events.

The editor's job, as he saw it early in 1940, was not to raze a magnificent structure in order to get rid of the mortgage, but to retire the debt by strengthening the props. He knew that the only thing greater than the bookkeeping liabilities were the human assets. In addition to Mr. Smith and Miss Loveman he could count on an inspiring duo: Henry Seidel Canby, who agreed to resume some of his former duties and serve as chairman of the editorial board, and William Rose Benét, *SRL*'s poetry editor, who made it clear that he would work double and triple time as needed. The new editor had everything he needed, in fact, except cash in the bank and a business staff.

Then came a long run of good luck. First, the mortgage was lifted by a scientist-booklover who also happened to have, among his many talents, a great knack for knowing where to look for oil, and who became Chairman of the Board of Directors. Not much cash was invested—as magazine investments are reckoned—but it was enough to start up the motor. Next, the new editor could hardly believe his good fortune when he was able in 1942 to bring a man in charge of business operations who had the energy of a nuclear reactor and a gift for the high altitudes. Most importantly, he had an understanding of and respect for the editorial product; in short, J. R. Cominsky was to make an ideal business partner. And, since every magazine needs an enlightened but tightfisted pessimist as Controller, *SR* could pride itself on a man who was one of the best in the business—Nathan Cohn.

THE good luck became compounded as the editorial staff took shape. In John Mason Brown the magazine could boast of a critic and reporter-at-large whose interest in the theatre was exceeded only by his interest in the living human drama. Irving Kolodin was the talented man of music who was to guide the magazine in perhaps its most important single new development—the Recordings Section. Eloise Hazard and Raymond Walters, in charge of editorial production and book reviews respectively, helped to make it possible for a too-itinerant editor to keep his job. William Patterson handled the problems of editorial liaison, ministered to our growing pains and almost everything else. Horace Sutton did more than introduce a new department to the magazine; he substantially influenced the entire field of travel writing. Bennett Cerf confounded those of his colleagues who predicted that he couldn't keep up the fast pace he set for himself in Trade Winds for more than six months. Mr. Cerf is now in his thirteenth year with *SR*. The department

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SR's new Editors-at-Large: Harrison Brown, John Steinbeck, Francis Henry Taylor, Walter Millis, Elmo Roper, Joseph Wood Krutch.

chiefs—James Thrall Soby in art; Henry Hewes in the theatre; Goodman Ace, Robert Lewis Shayon, and Gilbert Seldes in radio and television; Arthur Knight and Lee Rogow in the movies—are helping the magazine fulfil its announced purpose of staying close to the arts and communications.

The expansion of the magazine's range of editorial interest became reflected in the shortening of the title from *SRL* to *SR*. We hadn't diminished our concern for books; in fact, we stepped up our book coverage. But it seemed wise in our title to take account of the evolutionary changes in the magazine.

THE good luck continues. It is now the editor's happy privilege to announce important staff additions to *SR*. Beginning with this issue the masthead on the opposite page shows six new names, all of them members of a new editorial group called Editors-at-Large. The principal function of the group will be to help *SR* build what it hopes may someday become one of the strongest editorial pages in the nation. Each member will contribute signed pieces of opinion to this page or articles. Generally speaking, the Editors-at-Large will operate as their designation indicates: they will be a traveling crew and will be on the lookout for important material. Members of the new board are:

HARRISON BROWN, a scientist who has made a science out of the interrelationships of science. Now professor of geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology, during the war he was assistant director of chemistry at the plutonium laboratories at Oak Ridge. His recent book "The Challenge of Man's Future" demonstrates his ability to relate laboratory knowledge to the world of events and ideas. He has just returned from an extended tour of Asia; his report on that trip will shortly appear in *SR*.

JOHN STEINBECK, several of whose Editor-at-Large opinion pieces have already appeared. Mr. Steinbeck has recently returned from London and Paris, where he interested himself in the local literary and artistic controversy. We expect that echoes of same may be heard in his future contributions to this page. Mr. Steinbeck's most recent novel is "East of Eden."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, whose recent book "The Measure of Man" won the National Book Award in non-fiction in 1954. Mr. Krutch, as much as any American writer, is helping to keep the art of the essay alive. Like John Mason Brown, he is a dramatic critic who has never lost his interest in the human situation. In writing for *SR*, Mr. Krutch can be expected to be as catholic as he is incisive. It will be recalled that Mr. Krutch initiated *SR*'s survey on American Taste and the Common Man.

WALTER MILLIS, historian, analyst, and author of "The Martial Spirit," "Road to War," and editor of "The Forrestal Diaries." He was formerly an editorial writer for the *New York Herald Tribune*. Last week he wrote an editorial for *The Saturday Review* on the background of the Yalta papers. Generally speaking, Mr. Millis will be concerned with a broad range of domestic issues, especially as they concern our relations with the rest of the world.

ELMO ROPER, the public-opinion analyst and student of American communications. Mr. Roper's name is perhaps best known in connection with the Roper Poll; but *SR* readers know him for his ability to ask the kind of questions that clear the air. Mr. Roper's beat on this page will concern the interaction of opinion and events.

FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR, former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Mr. Taylor says that he will be concerned in his writing for *SR* not merely with the tentative face of culture in our time but with the interesting forces that give shape to cultural expression and change. Mr. Taylor has just left for Europe on a sort of Henry Adams voyage of re-education. Editorials or articles growing out of his trip will appear shortly.

The editors are also pleased to announce that Cleveland Amory has joined the staff as a Contributing Editor. Mr. Amory, social historian and author of "The Proper Bostonians" and "The Last Resorts," conducted TRADE WINDS in the absence of Mr. Cerf. He has been increasingly close to the magazine in recent years.

AS we look over these notes, we are afraid we may have given the impression that we think the magazine has made its mark and that we are getting ready to coast. Far from it. *SR* as a business venture has been standing on its own feet for many years, but we have a long way to go before our editorial program is even reasonably complete. The Editors-at-Large addition is an important step, but beyond that are several editorial projects now being carefully studied.

One final note: Increasingly, in recent years, we have felt uneasy and apologetic about the fact that much of what we write for this page sounds like the transcript of a broken phonograph record. For at least a decade we have been obsessed with a single idea: the need to develop American leadership in the cause of world law. Week after week variants of the same idea have preoccupied us; and week after week we have processed that very same idea for this space. There's no hiding the fact that our scale has but a single note. For your patience in abiding that note, and, in fact, for everything else, our thanks. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A PLACE OF QUIET

As an occupant of one of the lower rungs of the literary field—a public-relations man—our sole product is words, words which will inform, clarify, impel to action. Yet how can we produce a combination of words which separate themselves from the frightful deluge of spoken and printed palaver that threatens to crowd from existence all sense and logic, unless we find the key to the place where we can think? Day after day, night after night, people rush together in an endless succession of gatherings, meetings, and unneeded "social events," which serve only as an escape from the shattering quiet which might confront the individual with an opportunity—and therefore terrible challenge—to think. Accepting the challenge to think, the individual would then feel obligated to arrive at decisions on the basis of that thought, instead of accepting the inevitable result of mass movement that lacks form or purpose. Mental and physical stimulants carry the individual mind to new quantitative records in production of meaningless and thought-barren words.

In N.C.'s reference to the availability of leisure time, in the editorial "Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" [*SR* Mar. 26], he might as well have said: "Never has so much leisure time been devoted so completely to the elimination of relaxation and the creation of tensions and frustrations which erode every possibility of logical thought."

There was a time when the needs of this nation were so uncomplicated that they could be expressed in the phrase "What this nation needs is a good five-cent cigar." Today what this nation—and the world—needs is a place of quiet and men and women with courage to step from the crowd and better it.

Carlyle Reed.

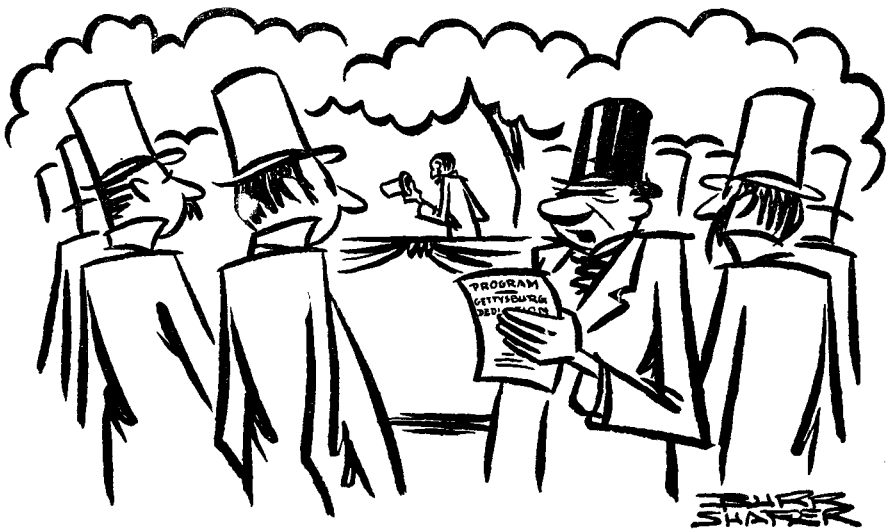
El Cajon, Calif.

PRACTICE MAKES THOUGHT

"Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" Certainly. Anyone who is able to think and wants to think has time for it. In general people find time to do the things they consider important, provided they are *able* to do them. N. C.'s editorial rightly asserts that thinking is needed to solve the frightening problems that face the world. But the difficulty is not the lack of time to think, nor is it, as he suggests, that we do not value thinking sufficiently. There are many people in the world who run about crying "Think! We Must Think!" There are many more who listen, nod sagely, and agree: "We Must Think!" Millions of people would line up behind the proposition that thinking is of prime importance. The real difficulty is that we have so few people who are *able* to think. After all, thinking is a skill. It is a part of education; it should be started early in life, and practised steadily and hard for many years; and even then the result is only mediocre unless there is a certain amount of natural aptitude to begin with.

Suzanne Strait Fremon.

Charleston, W. Va.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"I think the President's speech was entirely too short. Mr. Everett spoke for over an hour."

THINKING A POSE

N. C.'s editorial "Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" made *me* think. I agree with all his major points, but I think he should add one more item to the list of things we are doing while we are "busy doing nothing." We are acting.

I am presently living in what is called "the university atmosphere." A university is theoretically a place for thinking, but what are so many of us doing here? Posing! We pose as Thinkers; we are satisfied with almost-apt quotes from Shelley or Orwell or with sarcastic generalities as a substitute for thought. Extending this observation from the university and comparing it with what I read in newspapers and magazines, I am almost convinced that everyone else is posing, too. In Washington we have Congressmen posing as Heroes-with-Flaming-Swords protecting the nation. In Hollywood we have producers posing as The-Supreme-Judge-of-Art. In New York we have advertising men posing as Busy-Molders-of-Opinion. The list goes on and on. Maybe thinking accompanies humility; maybe we need more humility.

T. E. Blackburn.

Milwaukee, Wisc.

NEW LEISURE A FRAUD

Ideas on what's wrong with America are the most plentiful commodity in this land of bounty. But N. C.'s editorial "Does Anyone Have Time to Think?" [*SR* Mar. 26] gets to the trouble behind the troubles we usually hear about. I hope it's widely quoted. I'd take just one exception, and that to the suggestion that our "busyness" is only an excuse, that all we need is admonition.

For millions of us the New Leisure is largely an illusion. Many teachers, lawyers, editors, executives, and other professional and business people work as many evenings and weekends as their fathers did. And others who do manage to make a living in a forty-hour week must spend their "leisure" doing the carpentry, painting, and plumbing that their fathers could afford to have done by specialists. It takes thinking to "do-it-yourself," but not thinking of the kind N. C. is advocating. Besides, the people I have in mind are the kind who assume most of the responsibility for unpaid but time-consuming work in school, church, and civic duties. Add the multitudinous small chores of home and family, and the man who ought to be doing the thinking begins to feel like Emerson's "giant slaughtered with pins."

James W. Hoffman.

Havertown, Pa.

FOR THE MAIDENS

Re N. C.'s editorial on the Hiroshima Maidens [*SR* Apr. 2]: I gather that all items of expense involved with the projected trip have been arranged for, with the exception of the petty-cash fund. I am sure that, like myself, many *SR* readers must be eager to donate their mite towards the relief of these victims of an American A-bomb. Accordingly, I hope that my small contribution will be acceptable for the petty-cash fund.

Patricia MacManus.

New York, N.Y.

Editor's Note: The Saturday Review *will be glad to forward all similar contributions. Please make checks payable to the Hiroshima Peace Center Associates, "Hiroshima Maidens."*

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

THRIFTY AND NIFTY

THE revue has always been one of the most difficult forms of theatre to evaluate. The Wolcott Gibbs formula—in which he states that six numbers are reasonably entertaining, three more are passable, and eleven are intolerable—is in itself an admission that the revue-evening lacks the continuity of interest demanded in a musical comedy or a straight play.

Another approach is to compare the show with what one is offered at an expensive nightclub, but here again there is an implied reservation. A third approach is to write that the performance of one star is worth putting up with the mediocrity surrounding him, which is to praise with faint damns.

While Paul Gregory's "Three for Tonight" would certainly be rated a success by any of the above tests, this new format also totals up to a kind of theatre eupepsia. This it achieves through practising the strictest artistic economy.

The economy goes into effect from the moment one enters the theatre and finds the curtain up on a bare stage backed and flanked by symmetrical gray drapes. Soon it is compounded by Hiram Sherman, who is the most unextravagant barker in show business. Although his material and the songs and sound-effects that the voices of Walter Schumann (twelve men, eight women) must sing are frequently "cute," the performances are all straightforward and businesslike. And no one rests on his specialty. All participate in song and dance together so that the evening is interrelated.

Of course, it is the stars, Harry Belafonte and Marge and Gower Champion, who raise the show to all but one of its peak moments. The Champions with their contemplated capering go from puzzled abstract to peppermint-stick gutbucket with delightful ease. And the handsome young Mr. Belafonte, a mixture of Josh White and Ray Nance, is not only politely playful in "When the Saints Go Marching in" and in the calypso "Matilda," but he can also suddenly switch his mood to become intensely anguished in songs like "Take My Mother Home" and "Scarlet Ribbons." Finally, there is a really catchy showtune by Mr. Schumann called "Couldn't Be a Better Day" that the ensemble whips up into the concentrated eight-minute equivalent of "Plain and Fancy."

Add to this the fact that there are no skits—nothing clogs the works of a revue more than a not-quite-funny joke—and you have a deftly satisfying evening of pure entertainment.

ANOTHER show which has attracted deserved attention is "Shoestring Revue." Playing at the President Theatre, which is an off-Broadway house in the Broadway area, this revue starts off in high gear thanks to a fine comic contempt for current foibles. The very first number is a take-off on the impossibility of bucking the established inanity of revue opening numbers, and it sets so high a standard that the remainder of the show is hard pressed to live up to it. Dorothy Greener as a roller-derby toughie, Bea Arthur as a torchsinger ("You called me 'garbage' and then you put me beyond the pail"), and Arte Johnson, who sings a hilarious song about the inundation of New York, are talented young entertainers well worth seeing. The skits are daringly caustic as they take apart Feuer and Martin, Gilbert Miller, Mike Todd, Marilyn Monroe, *The Reader's Digest*, ice shows, and Walt Disney. There is also one neat revue song, "Wabash 4-7473," by G. Wood.

Probably it is this show's brash originality that makes you want to like it even during its inevitable dull moments. Its shabby scenery may be worse than none at all, and two pianos may be an uninspired answer to shoestring economics. Yet, as a revue that faces the perils of a large amount of comic dialogue, "Shoestring Revue" is superior to many a gilt-edge musical.

DOWNTOWN at the De Lys, Patricia Joudry, a pretty Toronto serial-writer, has offered us her first play. Titled "Teach Me How to Cry," it seems to blend the "terrible" adolescent emotions of "Seventeen" and "Our Town," a pathetic mother-illegitimate daughter relationship reminiscent of "The Glass Menagerie," and a near-tragedy caused by an American middle-class family's struggle with bourgeois values that recalls "Death of a Salesman." Deirdre Owens, Richard Morse, Nancy Marchand, John C. Becher, and Nan McFarland all give sensitive performances under Robert Hartung's fine direction. And John Blankenchip's simple settings show a wonderful sense of theatre. "Teach Me How to Cry" is neither sensational nor very original, but it is tasteful and sincere.—HENRY HEWES.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"THE GLASS SLIPPER"
in COLOR Starring
LESLIE CARON
MICHAEL WILDING
With
KEENAN WYNN · ESTELLE WINWOOD
ELSA LANCHESTER · BARRY JONES
Written For the Screen by
HELEN DEUTSCH
Ballets by ROLAND PETIT
Featuring Ballet de Paris
Photographed in Eastman Color
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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

PUT OUT THAT DAMN LIGHT!

ONE of the great scenes of movie memory was the one in "Mata Hari" in which Greta Garbo and Ramon Navarro got together in his rooms to exchange passion for military secrets. "Put out the lights," moaned Garbo. Navarro put out the lights, except for a small oil flame which he had kept burning under a holy ikon since his mother's death. "Put out all the lights," said Garbo from the divan. Navarro looked at Garbo on the couch and took long deep breaths. Um haah. Um haah. Um haah. Then he looked at the flame under the ikon. Um haah. Um haah. Um haah. Then he looked at Garbo. Um haaaah. Then at the ikon. Um HAH! He blew out the flame.

I had thought that they didn't make scenes like that any more until I saw **"Bedevilled"** (M-G-M). In this well-made adventure story we meet a young seminary student (Steve Forrest) in Paris. He's not one of your skylarking, would-you-like-to-swing-on-a-star priests, but a red-blooded American boy with such a quality of dedication about him that women cannot look at him without smoke coming out of their ears. He gets involved with a nightclub singer (Anne Baxter) who is being chased by a gang of short fat Parisian toughs because she had the bad judgment to shoot the brother of an influential man.

This saintly young man finds himself protecting the singer during a chase through the streets of Paris. The geography is a little hazy during this auto ride. But the people who will mind that won't be at this movie, they'll be in another theatre watching Jean Gabin with a cigarette in his face blowing smoke against the fog on a Marseilles dock. Anyhow, the saint and the singer wind up hiding in a Montmartre garret. This girl has had lovers since the time she was twelve back in Nebraska, which is developing pretty young even for a tropical city like Omaha, and when she starts feeling lonely and discouraged she reaches for the seminary student. As I explained before, this is a red-blooded American boy, and he is tempted to reach back. After a brief but stimulating grapple, he runs into the next room, bolts the door, and clings to a water pipe. These days, of course, deep breathing is not permitted in movie technique. These days they clench the muscles of the jaw. There's a lot of jaw-clenching as the devilish and the divine wrestle for this boy's soul. It's a stirring moment. There hasn't been anything like it since "Mata Hari." But there is this significant proof that pictures have changed since the living alabaster of Garbo's face filled our screen. Ramon Navarro blew out the flame. Twenty-five years later we leave Steve Forrest hanging onto the water pipe.

Aside from this and a certain amount of other come-to-glory nonsense, "Bedevilled" is a competent piece of professional movie-making, with some good touches in the writing by Jo Eisinger and a skilful directing job by Mitchell Leisen. Steve Forrest is an attractive young actor, Anne Baxter is flavorsome as the singer, and they did shoot it in Paris.

* * *

"Violent Saturday" (Twentieth Century-Fox) is of the school that began with "Petrified Forest" and has had a recent revival in such works as "Desperate Hours." The idea is to examine what happens to all those ordinary lives when violence comes to town. The bankrobbers who decide to knock over the jug in Bradenville pick the busiest cross-section of life in recent years. Included in the study are a copper tycoon's alcoholic son, his slightly nymphomaniac wife, an understanding and predatory nurse, a *voyeur* bank manager, a destitute purse-snatching librarian, a mine superintendent who wants to be a hero to his son, an Amish farmer who disbelieves in violence.

Robert Fleischer, the director, has handled his material with knowing realism, making the CinemaScope screen encompass such details as a bankrobber's Benedrex inhaler and the backward flip of a criminal caught in the chest by a shotgun blast. After a slow, untidy beginning the bank-robbing sequence and the battle between Victor Mature and the criminals in the Amish barn are suspenseful action at their best.

Another attractive young actor, Richard Egan, makes a telling appearance in this film as the Scotch-sampler, and Margaret Hayes looks lovely and acts with superb style in the role of the well-heeled, round-heeled wife. —LEE ROGOW.

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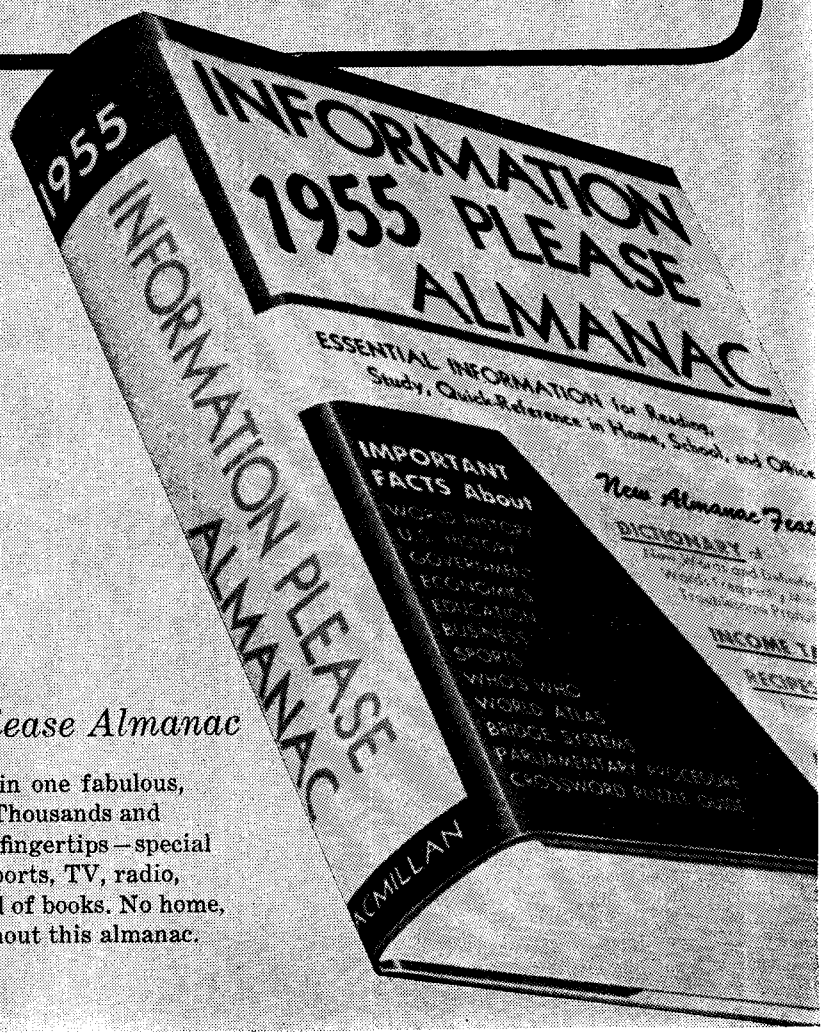

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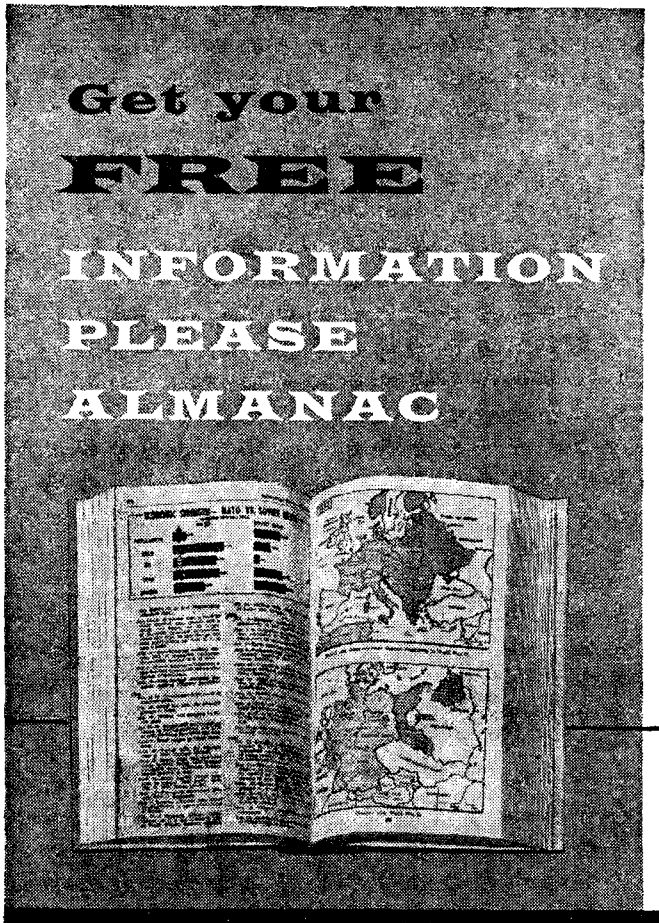

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TV AND RADIO

THE TEACHER CRIES OUT

NO ONE will be able to say "Where were you when the lights went out?" to the New York Teachers Guild, AFL, Local No. 2, if the United States fails to meet its crisis in education. The Guild has been needling New York City's Mayor Robert F. Wagner, in paid advertisements in the daily press, querying His Honor on the matter of salary raises for teachers. Recently the teachers bought half an hour of local time on the Dumont Television Network, and produced a "panel discussion" presenting their case to the people. Tell the Mayor, they urged New York citizens. He has the funds. Tell him to put the proposed Guild salary schedule into his next budget.

Actually, there was no "discussion." A high-school principal made an impassioned speech: and a moderator and four panelists presented what appeared to be carefully rehearsed, non-permissive leading questions and prepared answers. It was a very alive half hour. The speakers were no Oscar, Emmy, or Toni award winners. They were gowned academically in their best classroom manner. The panelists were logical, terse, moderate: but they had conviction, seriousness of purpose, and a big issue—a familiar issue, to be sure, but a bogey that refuses to go away even though it has nothing to offer us but more of the same—its despairing cry of overcrowded classrooms, underpaid teachers, and "short-changed" scholars. Chicago should have been viewing: Amarillo, too; Butte, Little Rock. The bogey gets around. But this was just a local show on Dumont. Crowds gather where shows bleed—or laugh. Our educational crisis bleeds, all right—but it's dry blood—and not very funny.

"We do not complain of our professional problems," said one teacher on the panel soberly, "but we are appalled by the failure of the community to understand what good teachers in uncrowded schools can do for their children." The modern anti-intellectual would smile at such intellectual naivete—a faith in sweet reason, orphan of the Enlightenment, mankind's capacity to achieve some semblance of tranquility and productiveness by taking thought. (The term "anti-intellectual" is used in some quarters to denote—not a hater of thought—but an intellectual who is somewhat sadly cynical about reason's power to dominate the hidden, irrational "residues" which seem to plague man's best efforts to act wisely and well. It is used in that sense here.) This viewer found it difficult, while watching the Teachers Guild "Crisis in Education" program, not to think of the anti-intellectual position.

What were these earnest men and women saying that has not already and often been shouted from the housetops along all the main highways and back roads of our communication systems? The desertion of able teachers to higher-paying plumber and truck-driver jobs. The filling of the ranks with retired veterans or with raw recruits whose best measure is emergency fodder for congested battlegrounds of the mind. The discouragement of frustrated youngsters, and their rebellion against anonymous herdism — rebellion feeding the fires of home and community tensions which the children bring with them to school —the little torches they carry into classrooms dark with doubling-up, where pupils without desks write with notebooks in their laps—the torches that touch off the five-alarm conflagrations of anger, fear, and failure we politely euphemize as "juvenile delinquency." The infant birthrate that keeps climbing, "mewling and puking." "If you think this is bad, wait until ten years from now!"

The grave shortage of science instructors for tomorrow's chemists, physicists, engineers, mathematicians (Russia is turning out five engineers to our one). The concern of new concepts in education, not alone with the 3Rs, but also with the optimum development of the child as a whole—a concern dramatically challenged in overlarge groups, where teachers expend their energies maintaining discipline when they could be helping the children to develop their own capacities for self-discipline. The teachers have been sending us messages such as these for more than a decade. We have heard but not listened.

The New York Teachers Guild may be a special pleader: but can we challenge its figures? The Empire State's annual income is thirty-two billion dollars. It ranks thirty-ninth among all the states in money spent for education in proportion to wealth. It has increased its salaries less than forty-four other states. A teacher must work sixteen years before he can earn enough money at his teaching job to support his family. New York has heard. Why does it not listen? I live in a neighboring state, in a more fortunate community where school facilities and standards are close to the best. Nevertheless, in my more fortunate community the chain of "inspirational" teaching needs strengthening, too. A school built one year ago already has some classes near thirty. We do well as a nation—in some places. We must do better—everywhere.

Are the anti-intellectuals right? Perhaps the irrational "residues" are too strong to be modified by appeals to reason. Or is there a general improvement going on on the school front, which we cannot now see, either because we are too close to its flow or because weighted cases such as those presented by the New York Teachers Guild tend to be selective in their use of facts and figures, and therefore overly ominous? This viewer is merely a parent, a willing taxpayer, and a layman at school. I do not know the answers. I hope that, were all of them to be fairly balanced, the balance would prove salutary. The night I saw "Crisis in Education" I felt the heavy pull of the anti-intellectual position. I was grateful, at the same time, to the Teachers Guild for their enterprise in propagating their faith. If Toynbee's corner of doom is ever to be turned by our society, the Guild will have helped turn it for our children by such ventures as "Crisis in Education."

The AFL is a pretty big union, I have heard. There must be elocutionists, debaters, and rhetoricians in other Teachers Guild locals around the country. Let them take to the television channels, too. And if the union treasuries are too small to pay for the time, let the local station-owners and sponsors break loose some choice evening periods. They have children, too.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1099)

C. LAMB:

TABLE-TALK BY THE LATE ELIA

Men marry for fortune and sometimes to please their fancy; but, much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it—how a woman in their friends' eyes will look at the head of a table. . . . Insipid beauties made wives of I call *furniture wives.*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

MITROPOULOS ON MAHLER, BACH ON ORMANDY

A CONDUCTOR'S taste in program-making is something quite separate from the ability to conduct a program of music he puts together; but it is mere common sense that a happy choice of elements can make an evening more enjoyable than a succession of oddments. Dimitri Mitropoulos has never been noted for any special sensitivity to such values, but he showed a rather spectacular lack of sensitivity recently in placing Morton Gould's lightweight "Show Piece" before the weighty Sixth Symphony of Mahler.

This quite outdid the earlier appearance of the Mahler symphony in the Philharmonic-Symphony repertory, when Mitropoulos prefaced it with the Gershwin piano concerto. The only suggestion conveyed by these gestures is that Mitropoulos considers the Mahler symphony a rather medicinal dose for his audience, to be offset by something more soothing. However, a view of the numerous empty seats in Carnegie Hall (Holy Week and its concurrence with Passover were doubtless involved) was rather emphatic evidence that those who are interested in Mahler are not attracted by Gould, and *vice versa*.

The arrangement was so inept that Mitropoulos had to insert an intermission between the second and third movements of the Mahler symphony, which was hardly conducive to sustained interest. Inasmuch as few works of Mahler can be described as succinct and the Sixth is one of the most meandering of all—full of "by-your-leaves," "as-I-was-sayings," and "that-reminds-me-ofs"—there was an appreciable dwindling in the size of the audience after the intermission. One can hardly fail to admire Mitropoulos's conviction of worth in this score, but one can only wish that the values grew more, rather than less, apparent with repetition.

To revert to Gould's "Show Piece," it came into being as demonstration material for high-fidelity recording procedures. If its musical target is the middle brow, it hits it squarely—which is to say that it missed the aim of an audience awaiting Mahler. One had to admit that the Philharmonic had more "presence" than the best conceivable recording, but not that a live performance added to more than could be provided by a machine.

The oddity of the Philharmonic's program procedure called for a world premiere of a "Sinfonía Sacra," by young Ramiro Cortes of Los Angeles, amid a sequence of three programs largely devoted to the Mahler Sixth. This came about on a Saturday evening, to accommodate the commitment of the Philharmonic to the Gershwin Memorial Award, which was this year awarded to the young Californian, still a student in USC.

Cortes is without question a determined exponent of the all-out school of orchestration, which is to say that he moves his orchestral elements about like so many pieces on a chessboard. The stated procedure begins with a "Kyrie," followed by a "Sanctus" and a "Dies Irae," but the mechanics have little to do with the formula. It is certainly an accomplished effort for a composer born only in 1934, but I had a feeling, somehow, that less assurance, a little more honest insecurity might promise more for his future. For the moment, however, let us compliment Cortes on his skill, and reserve judgment on his potentialities until they have been further exposed. Mitropoulos gave it the benefit of his arms, elbows, wrists, and fingers: could a twenty-one-year-old composer ask more?

WHERE a work of such weight and gravity as Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew" is concerned, it is a question in any performance whether the performers shall be weighed down under it or uplifted by it. Its production during this year's subscription series in Carnegie Hall by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (with the Temple University Choir) left little doubt which condition prevailed. It was diligent and it was sober-minded; but it was rarely either eloquent or illuminating.

The failings, so far as this taste was concerned, comprised several different kinds of miscalculation, beginning with the choice of the solo quartet. Mack Harrell is a baritone of fine vocal prowess and, more important, rich human endowment who sings the music of Jesus with a rare eloquence and understanding. More than a period, however, stands between him and the others chosen by Ormandy. Phyllis Curtin was the soprano, Eunice Albert the mezzo, Kenneth Smith the bass, and David Lloyd the tenor (one tends to remember them as they occupied the traditional left to right on the stage). Each has a usable enough voice, but the kind of authority to mobilize Bach's writing into an arrow pointed straight at the emotions of the listeners was not at their command. The English text did not improve authenticity, and attention to it was further impeded by numerous deviations as sung from the text as printed.

In another dimension, Ormandy's use of a mammoth choral ensemble was open to quibble. The first fact is, of course, that when the singers number 200 or so the individual voice becomes merged in a mass of toneless vibration. A by-product of no small consequence is, further, the damping effect of so many bodies on the sound produced by the orchestra (even so fine a one as the Philadelphia) and the premium put upon proper balance by the cramping together of the instruments into an area never considered proper under other circumstances.

So far as Ormandy's concept of the musical essence was concerned, one would be inclined to say that all the intentions were admirable, but the equipment remains incomplete. There was no necessity but ambition which required Ormandy to measure himself against the requirements of this score at this particular time. The ambition has carried him far; let us hope the experience carries him farther still.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

What Do Cows Think?

By Elizabeth Coatesworth

WHAT do cows think
Bending dark muzzles
To a stream to drink?

Or colts, stampeding along pasture rails
With long legs flying, and arched woolly tails?

Are kids on pinnacles of rocks
Imagined heroes of admiring flocks?

And what goes on behind cats' lazy eyes?

Or when an old dog on a hearthrug lies
Asleep, and whimpers and jerks as if to run—
What games does he pursue, under what unknown sun?

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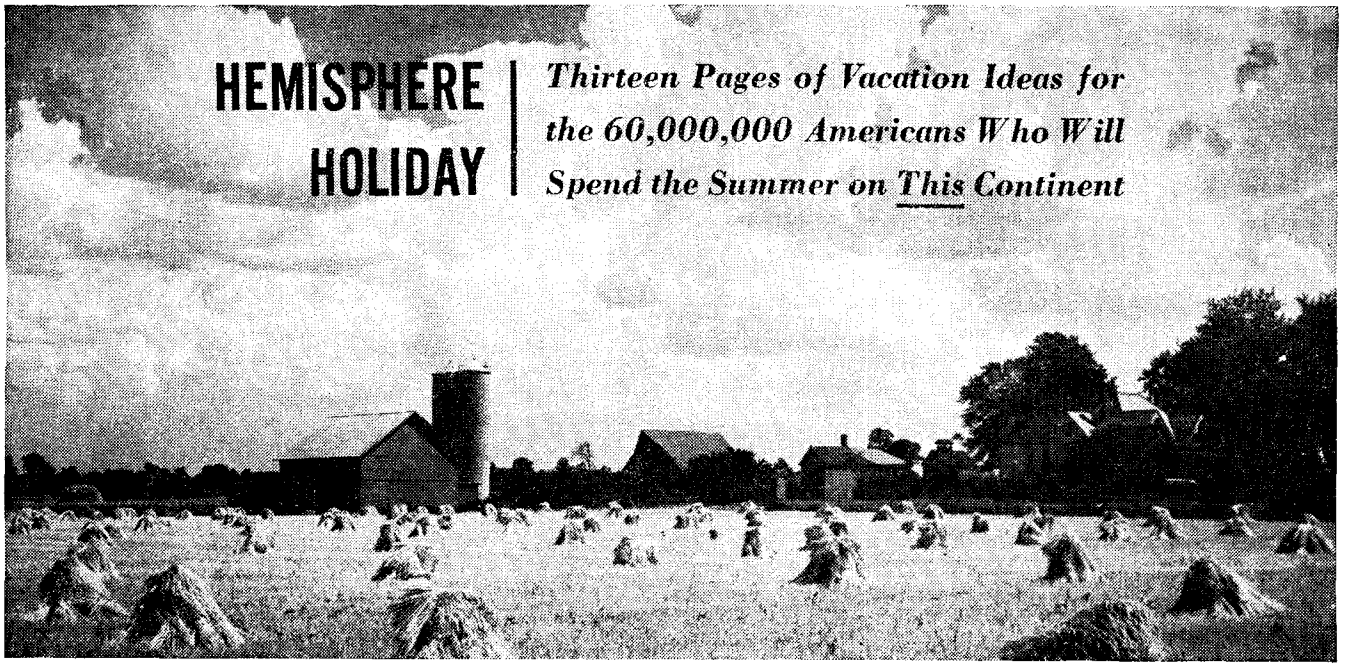

HEMISPHERE HOLIDAY
Thirteen Pages of Vacation Ideas for the 60,000,000 Americans Who Will Spend the Summer on This Continent

A Turk in the U. S. A.

Anyone picking up a telephone in the new Istanbul-Hilton when it opens in June will stand an odds-on chance of speaking with ***Semin Köni.*** *Daughter of a Government official, thirtyish, Miss Köni will be the Hilton's chief operator. She studied hotels and telephones for eight months in the U.S., followed it with a one-month bus trip on her own time and money to learn more about the land. This is her diary.*

By SEMIN KÖNI

AT LAST the day so long awaited for has come. Everything is ready for my tour to California and back. Traveling by bus, they tell me, is very tiring. But the dices are thrown.

Seven o'clock in the morning.

We are leaving New York. As they say in Turkish: "God be with us on our way." It is raining. My seat is at the front row, beside the window. The raindrops are splashing in large dots on the windshield. The seat beside mine is occupied by a woman. She is fat and keeps me warm. I don't mind it too much.

BALTIMORE: What a funny city, with the houses all alike. Three stories high of brown stones with a little flight of white stairs at the porch. It must be very quiet and old-fashioned in there.

WASHINGTON: So clean, so neat, like a toy city only much bigger. Everything here gives me an impression of "grandeur." The streets, the parks, the lovely houses and beautiful gardens, everything seems to have been drawn with an elegant pen. Washington, D. C., is one of the very few places in the two continents I've seen where the perspective has been used properly.

There is no stop in Washington. We are leaving the bus station. The road is beautiful and the sun is shining. All along the road cabins and motels have their signs. Some of them are really pretty, and all of them look so fresh and clean. People who built them had variety in their ideas. One of them looks simply lovely with its small log cabins starting from the road and getting lost in the woods. Another one imitates Indian huts.

RICHMOND: Here we change bus. . . . All I need now is a coffee . . . The new bus is clean and shining like a new dime. My neighbor now is a chief officer of the Navy on his way to Pensacola. I feel more relaxed now that I am getting used to this way of traveling. There is also some change in the atmosphere in the bus. As we are going towards the South, and a milder climate, people too seem to be getting more friendly. Nobody will leave the bus until Atlanta, Georgia. There is a young lady with her small son nine months of age, another young girl future bride on her way to her fiance's home in New Orleans, a WAC, and three men from the Navy, one ex-commander, one ex-flyer, one ex-Korean. All of them on their way home. The flyer had had an accident and got retired with a nice pension, and complains all the time about his not having any family and being too old to start anything new in life. The ex-commander tries to cheer him up. The Korean got wounded in Korea and was discharged. He brags about the big money he carries in his pocket and invites everybody in the bus to a big party when we will reach Atlanta. The three of them talk very loud.

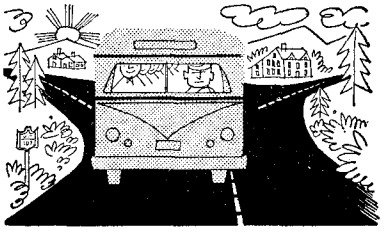
The Korean explains to the audience that he has a Japanese wife in Alabama whom he hadn't seen for four years. His dungarees have cost him ninety-eight cents and his checked shirt only ten cents, so that all his money is unspent and remains in his pocket, except of course for the liquor he bought in Richmond. He talks about his project now. He is going to buy himself the biggest rocking chair in the world and will give everyday one dime to his wife to rock him all day long. The flyer is the noisiest. He keeps calling the WAC: "My wacky-wacky." But the girl is sound asleep or maybe she is faking. She has buried her nose into her pillow and doesn't move.

The young mother is annoyed with all this talking because it keeps her son awake. I've never seen such a smiling baby. He is not disturb at all, and is friendly with everybody.

The scenery is changing. Flowers, strange trees with Spanish moss hanging from the branches are the first symptoms that we are getting close to the South. The roads are deserted. Even small towns that we are crossing on our way seem uninhabited. The houses are beautiful. No more tall buildings. Colonial-type houses are scattered along the road with beautiful lawns and trees surrounding them.

ATLANTA: Home of Scarlett O'Hara . . . The Civil War. All this is rushing back

(*Continued on page* 46)



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CANADA

Riding the Rails from Quebec to Kamloops

By KEITH MUNRO

THE train stopped at Schreiber for the fresh Lake Superior trout. Doris and I got out and watched them load baskets of the great fish on board. Then we hurried back to the diner, as we'd been told to do, and ate trout until it was coming out of our ears. This rendezvous with fresh fish at various stops along the road is one of the great things about a trip across Canada by train.

I had forgotten that Lake Superior trout, fresh caught, is the finest eating in the world. The flesh is white, almost as firm as steak. The flavor cannot be compared to anything that comes to mind—unless you compare it with the last time you ate Lake Superior trout. That fish made us realize that we were rediscovering Canada after many years. We were rediscovering it in the best way I know—by train. No traffic to battle, no detours, no getting lost on strange roads, no worrying about the night's lodging. Nothing to do but relax and enjoy an everchanging pageant of lakes and forests, mountains and rivers. At the half-hour stops every couple of hundred miles in the different regions you get to meet farmers, lumberjacks, miners, cowboys, and Indians.

That train trip was a revelation. And we'd been loathe to go by train. I think that ten years of New York subways had soured us on "rattlers." But it seemed too far to drive (3,000 miles each way) and the airplanes were crowded. So we went by rail. Thank God we did. For sheer relaxation and comfort I don't know anything to equal it. It was a rest cure such as we'd never experienced before. Yet the trip was full of excitement.

We left New York in a sticky ninety-degree heat wave. Montreal, where the trip really started, wasn't much better, so that air-conditioned bedroom we boarded at Windsor Station was, as the good book says: "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." We knew we would be three days and four nights aboard and three days and four nights confined to a small bedroom sounded like concentrated boredom, so we went prepared. We took books to read; didn't read a word. I took my typewriter, hoping to get a lot of work done. Each morning I unlimbered that typewriter. Each night I put it back in its little case, untouched. There was too much to see, too much to enjoy.

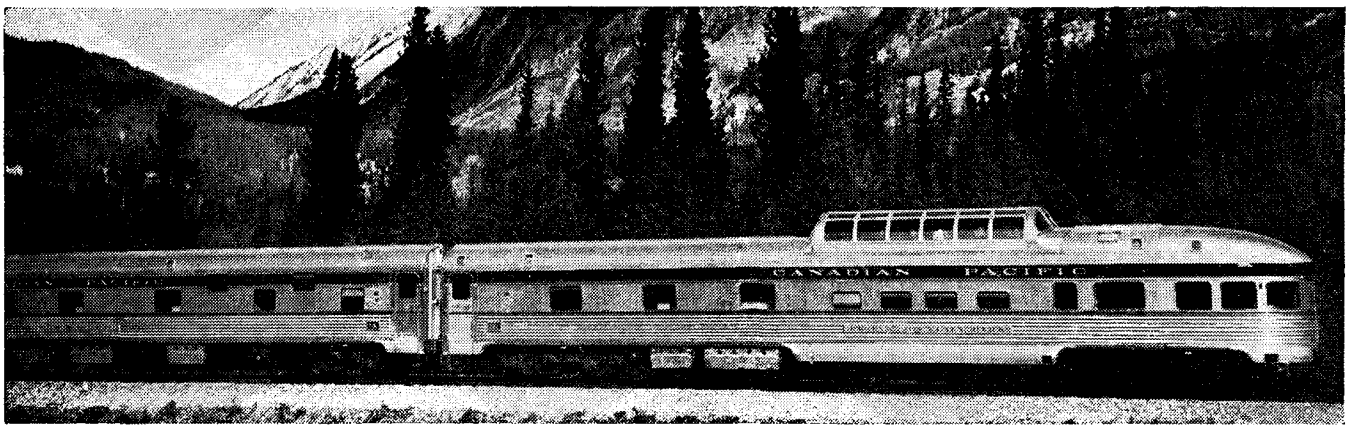
Montreal was stifling as we left at 9:30 that Tuesday night. I stayed awake until we got to Ottawa, where I was born, thinking I'd take advantage of the half-hour stop there to look around. But the heat was still too great, so I went to bed. It was a different story at North Bay next morning. The breeze blowing off Lake Nipissing was so cool that cakes of ice on the platform weren't even wet. I really got off at North Bay hoping to see a familiar face. It had been my home for seven years when I was manager of the Dionne Quintuplets. But Marie wasn't there to see me, nor was Yvonne or Cecile or anyone else I knew.

The train hugged the shore of the lake until we passed through Sturgeon Falls with its fishing boats. Much of the sturgeon and the caviar that New Yorkers eat comes from this little village. But the CPR ignored the sturgeon. It isn't considered good enough for its diners. From there to Sudbury it was lake and forest. As you approach that mining town the trees fall away. All vegetation has been killed by fumes from the great nickel smelters. About 85 per cent of the world's nickel comes out of that town, so smelters run day and night and the streets are never deserted, never still.

WE STOPPED at White River, a town with a reputation it doesn't deserve—it's supposed to be the coldest spot on the continent. But it isn't. It just happens to have a meteorological station and in winter the steady recording of temperatures of fifty and sixty below makes it sound the coldest.

You catch your first real glimpse of Lake Superior at Marathon, where a tremendous pulp mill sits there. in the middle of nowhere. From there to Fort William—200 miles—you follow the north shore of one of the world's greatest lakes. That shore is noted for its rocky somber scenery. Its loneliness inspired a group of Canadian artists (the School of Seven) who spent years trying to capture its strange spirit on canvas. People who've never seen that shore never quite believe these paintings.

The sun was low when we got to Schreiber for our monumental fish-fry. But the moon was full and bright. The moon rode the waves, showed us huge freighters loaded with iron ore steaming down from the Mesabi range. It showed us fishing villages. It showed us the famous horseshoe turn at Jack Fish Bay when it looked as though our engineer might reach out across the narrow stretch of water and shake our hand. Then suddenly



—*Canadian Pacific.*

". . . no traffic to battle, no detours, no getting lost on strange roads . . ."

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he disappeared into the Jack Fish tunnel. We followed.

When we got to Fort William on Thunder Bay it was midnight. The moonlight limned Thunder Cape and brought life to the Sleeping Giant, a huge rocky island that lies athwart the harbor and resembles Goliath lying on his back, arms folded over his chest. The Indians named him.

Sunrise found us at Lake-of-the-Woods, with its 14,000 charted islands. It has been a mecca for Midwestern millionaires for years. That whole area is more water than land. There are thousands of lakes, some with names, most not. Not far beyond Kenora, capital of this muskie country, we emerged from the rocks and trees into Manitoba and the beginning of the prairies. We'd thought the flat, prairie country, mile after mile of wheatland, would be boring. It was anything but. The country we'd left was lonesome; prairies are warm and friendly.

Winnipeg is the Chicago of Canada, a huge rail, livestock, and grain center. And a melting pot; the 350,000 people there support newspapers printed in twenty-three different languages. It is the take-off point for the Arctic with an airline (CPR) and a railroad (Canadian National) serving Churchill 1,000 miles north. At Winnipeg we had another gustatory thrill—Winnipeg goldeyes were taken aboard and we had another feed of an exotic fish. These herring live in Lake Winnipeg and something in the water gives them a flavor that no other fish in America have. The flesh is pinkish. The Canadian Pacific has been accused of cornering the goldeye market because they are such a delicacy.

ALL DAY we sped through endless wheat fields flanked by tall, esthetic-looking grain elevators. The strange machinery in the fields was intriguing, because thirty-five years before as a boy I'd come out here on a harvesters' excursion and earned ten dollars a day threshing. In those days there were no such machines.

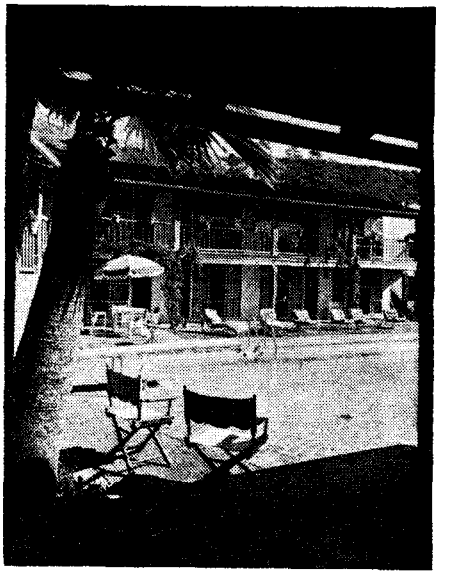
Calgary greeted us early in the morning. Calgary is the western boundary of the Great Plains. Just beyond there is a new world, a world of incredible mountains. Calgary is right out of Texas—full of cowboys and oil millionaires. The Calgary Stampede, one of America's great spectacles, was on. There was no place to stay, so we hurried on to the mountains.

How do you describe the Rockies? You can't. You've got to see them and even then they don't look real. Years ago I interviewed the famous

(*Continued on page* 49)

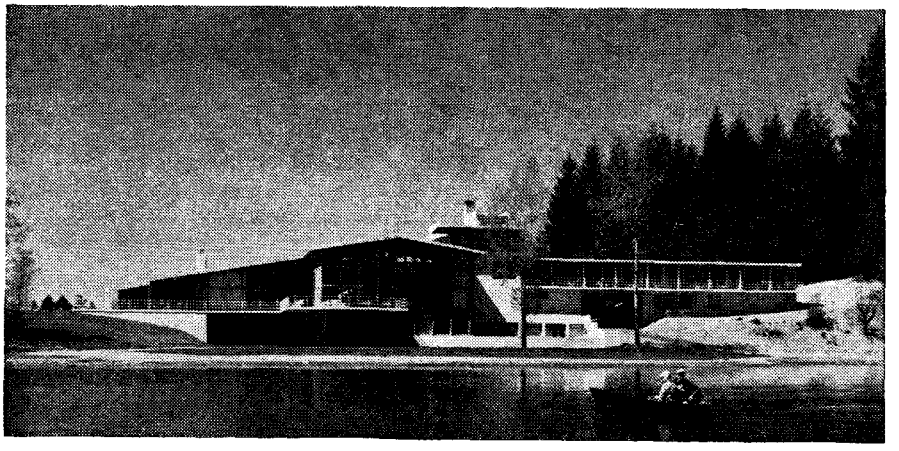
HOMES FOR HIGHWAYMEN

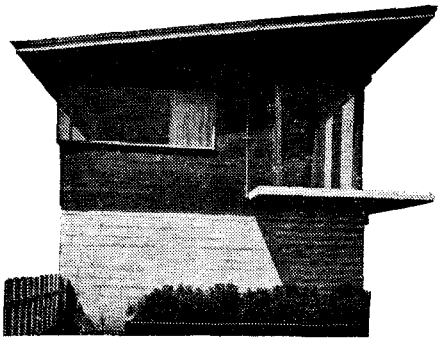
Stagecoaches made the coaching inn, railroads the terminal hotel. The auto begat the tourist cabin, whose chrome-and-glass emergence is portrayed in ***"Motels,"*** *by Baker and Funnaro (Reinhold, $12), a book for motel owners and fanciers.*



MOTORISTS LIKE *motels because they are* convenient to the highway. It's a long architectural way from coaching inn to this glass landmark, the restaurant of the Tucson Biltmore in Tucson, Arizona.

MOTELS IN resort areas offer at least a pool. Some have washing machines, electric irons, free movies. These two palm-shaded chairs invite the motorists at Santa Inez, Pacific Palisades, California.





ONCE SCOURGED as gangster hideouts and hot-pillow haunts, motels have gained respectability and 59 per cent of all who vacation by car. Some have installed so many facilities they have turned full circle into hotels again. The tidy drive-in above is Gaffney's Lake Wilderness Lodge, Maple Valley, Washington, where fishermen work the lake and every room has a balcony.

IF THE TRAVELER'S view is obstructed, then the room goes on the second floor and the carport underneath. An example, left, is Surftides at Welcome, Oregon. Fifty million people will vacation by car this year, averaging 1,000 miles a trip. The coaching inns of the motor age, motels have been accepted by Webster, too.

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Hyde Park, of which Eleanor Roosevelt said: "My husband's spirit will live in this house, in the library, in the quiet garden."

DECENNIAL IN DUTCHESS COUNTY

By HORACE SUTTON

ROOSEVELT died on an April day in '45.

On an April day in '55 I drove the eighty miles north from Manhattan to the small Hudson Valley village of Hyde Park, where James Roosevelt, the President's father, became a landowner in the year 1867. He bought 110 acres for $40,000, and in 1880 he brought to the house his second bride, the former Miss Sara Delano. Sara was twenty-six, the same age as her husband's son by his first marriage. Two years later Franklin was born. He was their only child.

Franklin Roosevelt is ten years dead, but there are days now when 400 visitors an hour stand in queues to file through the historic house that James bought and rebuilt.

A light April rain pattered through the great trees and the bluejays were frivolous in the branches the day I stood on the porch and looked through the glass door of the room Roosevelt called The Little White House. It was the children's schoolroom when Elliott, John, James, Frank, Jr., and Anna were growing up. And after the polio Roosevelt and Louis Howe would sit inside and build model clipper ships, then take them down to the river and race them. In this little porch-side nook in 1942 Churchill and Roosevelt signed the agreement that started the research on the atom bomb. The last campaign speech was broadcast from here on November 6, 1944.

In the foyer of the house Roosevelt in bronze looks down in a life-sized likeness done by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy in 1911. Behind is a case of birds collected from Dutchess County and Campobello Island. Roosevelt stuffed some himself, but it was a gory job, and he was happy when his father let a taxidermist take over. Along the hall is a portrait of old James, one of the 423 pictures in the house, most of them hung under Franklin's direction. James made most of his money as a railroader with the Delaware and Hudson, although he had side interests in steel and boats that chugged the length of Lake Champlain. Sara's Snuggery, where she wrote and sewed, is pink and puffy except for the 1939 television set, made by RCA, which sits in the corner. In its first days there were three programs a week on its reflected screen, and it worked right up to 1947, when one of the boys borrowed it and returned it with a blown-out tube.

Gilbert Stuart's oil of Isaac Roosevelt, a great-great-grandfather of the President, hangs over the fireplace in the oak-panelled living room. Under it are the two high-backed leather chairs, one from each of his terms as Governor, which Franklin brought down from Albany. He sat in the left one, his mother on the right, and on Christmas, when the tree was set in the bay, he would read Dickens from his gubernatorial chair. Some carol sheets from Christmas of '44 were scattered about when the body was brought back from Warm Springs and they haven't been touched. There is a potted palm where the tree would go, resting in a huge Chinese urn that Sara at fourteen had brought back from a trip to Hong Kong to visit her father. They had taken cows and sheep right on the ship, so they would never be out of meat and milk, and there is a story that Sara did her bathing in the Chinese vase.

The Dresden Room was Sara's parlor. A china chandelier brought from Germany in 1866 hangs from the ceiling. The piano is covered with pictures, mostly from royalty. The draperies are new, put up especially for the visit of King George VI and Elizabeth in 1939. Looking through a crack in the door you can see the black vase brought one day by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. Still ticking every second and playing every hour out in the hall, is the old grandfather clock from Gouda that James and Sara bought on their wedding trip in 1881.

Franklin's chair in the dining room is still turned out, as it was when it waited for his wheel chair to roll alongside and he to swing from one to the other. Pink roses fill the centerpiece and the table is set for two for only two settings remained after the inheritors removed their rightful legacies. Behind a green curtain is the room where the teletype clattered on election nights while Roosevelt sat at the dining-room table keeping score.

Upstairs is his boyhood room with its *Harvard Crimson* sign over the closet door, and the extra-length brass bed his mother bought for him

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in 1902. Across the hall is the guest room where King George VI slept, and Winston Churchill and the Missimo, and on the far side of it you can see the small octagonal guest room that MacKenzie King of Canada used when King George was here.

The next room is the warmest in the house, so Franklin stayed here after polio, and years later it was used by Queen Elizabeth and then Wilhelmina. Down the hall was the room where Franklin was born. Wrote James of that occasion, "At a quarter to nine my Sally had a splendid baby boy. He weighs ten pounds without his clothes."

The Presidential bedroom was in the south wing over the living-room, with its three-window bay and its view of the Hudson, its naval prints and FDR's appointment from Wilson as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The closet is open in his dressing room, and on the rack is a fuchsia smoking-jacket, a black naval cape, and his hats. There is a copy of *Time* for February 26, 1945, with its faded cover of Nimitz of the Pacific, and *Newsweek* for March 5, 1945, showing Bull Halsey holding his nose and the caption "What Admiral Halsey Thinks of the Jap Fleet." Hanging from its wall cradle is the old direct line to the White House.

On the other side of the south wing is an expansive room with bay windows, view, and private bath to match Franklin's. Between the two, connected on both sides with doors, is the narrow chamber with its small bed where Eleanor slept.

No book will ever trace Roosevelt's life more vividly than the museum which is known as the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library. A short walk from the house, it was built by public subscription on land donated by the President. It does indeed contain more than 17,000 books, and—as well—the first complete collection of Presidential papers ever made available to the public. Since Washington's time the President's papers have gone with him when he left office.

But beyond the documents and the books are the relics of Roosevelt's life, beginning with his ornate crib and coursing through such correspondence as:

My dear Mama
I am in a great hurry. I found two birds nests. I took one egg.

There is an exam paper from III Form Greek written in 1896 in which he got a 76; his Groton tie; a tag stamped "Leader of Cheering Harvard vs. Yale Nov. 21, 1903, Soldier's Field." There is Eleanor's wedding lace, wooden-shaft golf-clubs from

(*Continued on page* 48)

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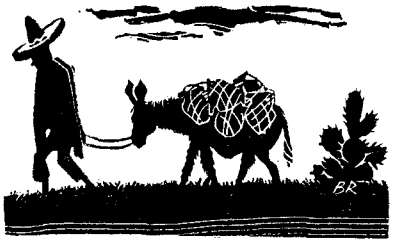
Beating the Mexican Bush

By DONALD DEMAREST

COYOACAN, MEXICO.

PROBABLY 90 per cent of the North American tourists one meets in Mexico claim that they want to discover the truly typical place off the beaten track. Whether from timidity or a misconception of what is truly typical, they usually seem to end up in a U.S.-style hotel, eating U.S.-style food, and rubbing shoulders with as many compatriots as it is possible to crowd into one beach or onto one pyramid. To this jaundiced observer Acapulco differs from Miami Beach chiefly in its slightly cheaper prices and the comparative predominance of Western over Eastern accents. For the archeologically inclined—or those who simply like to dream at the site of old ruins on what the life of the ancient Toltecs must have resembled—Teotihuacan is marred by antlike hordes of camera-carriers swarming up the Pyramid of the Sun or scrabbling for clay heads among the bottlecaps and banana-peels. The impressive Holy Week processions in Taxco are spoiled by the false daylight of flashbulbs and the roars of Yankee revelry. You can scarcely see the Colonial colonnades of San Miguel Allende for the beards and babushkas exported from Midwestern Bohemias. They've taken to calling Cuernavaca a suburb of Palm Springs. And Mexico City's Avenida Juarez has taken on the protective coloring of Broadway.



For those travelers who don't venture abroad to find themselves at home—who are prepared to sample a new dish like *maguey* worms (as crisp and delicate—and disappointing—in flavor as coleslaw) or marinated squid; or a new drink like *mezcal, aguardiente,* or the non-alcoholic juices the Mexicans like (watermelon, tamarind, papaya)—Mexico offers a variety of off-beat attractions and headily unspoiled experiences.

There are miles of almost deserted beach along either coast—with attractive hotels and unsurpassed deep-sea fishing at a welcome fraction of Acapulco prices. Starting at the Gulf of Tuxpan, Tecolutla, and Nautla (all in the state of Vera Cruz) you can swing round via Tehuantepec—with its justly famous beauties (female and scenic) to Salina Cruz and La Ventosa (a fishing village where you can literally live on and off the beach—in a palm-thatched hut if you want). Above Acapulco on the Pacific, Manzanillo, Puerto Vallarta, and Mazatlan are competing with the former in offering low-priced luxury. Zihuatenejo, with a lagoon, other Gauguin effects, and a hotel that provides everything for $2 a day, is a spot that few North Americans have discovered.

Leaving out the interior of Yucatan and Oaxaca—with their truly fresh prehistoric sites, Monte Alban, Palenque, Bonampak—since they demand a special, extended trip, and the touristed lakes, some of the spas around Mexico City are worth visiting for their fine hotels as well as their health-dealing waters. A short swing will take you to Tehuacan, where they bottle the mineral water most tourists drink, San José Purua and Ixtapan de la Sal—which combine baths to cure the gout with a *haute cuisine* to encourage it. And when you tire of the hot muddy immersions and highly seasoned food you can go to Cuautla, two hours south of Mexico City, which boasts the only church in the world that has been converted into a railway station and clear, cold, radioactive springs. You can hire a private, enclosed swimming-pool here for twenty to fifty cents an hour.

ANOTHER way to avoid Cuernavaca, which is west of Cuautla, is to turn left just before you enter the city limits and go to Tepotzlán—the Indian village selected by the anthropologists Redfield and Oscar Lewis for its uncontaminated indigenous life, but which now has a quietly luxurious hotel, the former private home of the author-banker Maecenas, Eduardo Villaseñor. Tepotzlán, with its Churrigeresque church which matches the oddly architectural formation of the surrounding hills, is one of the loveliest and quietest villages in Mexico, and one of the best answers to the vacation requirements of the author

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who really wants to get some writing done or the harassed executive seeking for calm.

If there was only one place I could return to before leaving Mexico, or was asked to recommend just one place outside of Mexico City for the time-strapped visitor, it would be Guanajuato. You approach this sleepy seventeenth-century town via a long dreary plain broken by glimpses of the *Cubilete*—the enormous bronze statue of Christ the King perched on a peak that is supposed to be the exact geographical center of the Republic—and, on its outskirts, the ghost mining town of Marfil ("Ivory"), in whose abandoned church it is planned to put on a production of Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners." Guanajuato is a town of silences and sudden vistas, of fountained, bird-happy squares and twisty cobbled alleys (one of which is called the "Alley of the Kiss" because you could lean across the street from one upper story to another), of pastel-colored houses set into the hillside and magnificently baroque churches, that is like nowhere else in Mexico in its effortless preservation of an authentic past. In this it reminds one of Cambridge or Tunbridge Wells in England. (By comparison Taxco is as touristy as Stratford.)

If you are lucky you may stumble one night onto a production of Cervantes' "Entremeses" put on by the townspeople and university students in a moonlit square that is the quintessence of Guanajuato's secret charm: half dream and half an eternal return to a childhood that was more Spanish than Indian. (Performances of these exquisite curtain-raisers by Cervantes have been announced for May 6, 7, 8, 20, 21, and 22. In view of past experience I'd suggest you check with the Tourist Bureau in Mexico City before scheduling your trip to Guanajuato.) In a travel agent's sense, Guanajuato may be a ghost town like Marfil—but its specters are remarkably vital.

There is no space in these short notes to begin to cover half an iota of the kaleidoscopic surprises of the ancient and mushrooming Aztec capital of Tenochtitlan. And that's just as well. The visitor who can escape his guide, straight-arm his travel agent, and burn the Baedekers will have fun making his own discoveries, find almost anything he's looking for a few blocks away from the tourist tracks; something ancient and barbaric, a piece of his favorite part of Europe, or even a hint of his own hometown.

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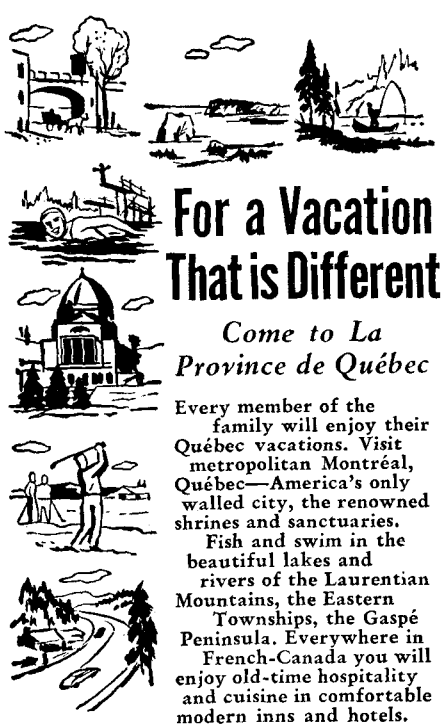

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Nassau: Balm in the Bahamas

By LAWRENCE LANGNER

NASSAU is not for those who seek the blare and brass of Miami Beach, or the pomp and circumstance of Palm Beach. It offers little in the way of gambling, nightclubs, horse-racing, and other stimulants to high blood pressure. However, if you want to gamble a little, you can lose a few dollars at the Bahamian Club and no eyebrows will be raised. And if you want to witness some of the weirdest horse-racing in the world, you can visit Hobby Hall Race Track and see all kinds of horses, from tiny ponies to stalwart thoroughbreds, racing nonchalantly over a beautiful palm-lined course. According to the taxidrivers, who are the most knowing tipsters in Nassau, anyone's guess as to which horse will win is usually as good as anyone else's. Nobody regards gambling on the horses as a sin. There is so little sense to the proceedings as to make indulgence in this vice more silly than wicked.

Nassau is for those who treasure its eighteenth-century atmosphere, who respond to the beauties of the Bahamian architecture, and who cherish the solitudes of its many beaches of white sand sloping into the azure Caribbean. Lately the Emerald Beach Hotel, with a management hailing from Dallas, Texas, has opened up a hostel which provides all the luxuries to which good oilmen and customers of Neiman-Marcus are accustomed—but the native Bahamians have taken the situation in their stride. It will not be long before this hotel, deep from the heart of Texas but now deep in the heart of the Bahamas, will take on the old-world character of all the other Bahamian hotels. Waiters who keep you waiting, and who apologize with a broad grin, remind us that no one is in a hurry in Nassau except perhaps on Bay Street, where the drivers pursue pedestrians with a zest which can be explained only by their desire to keep the streets from being overcrowded with visitors.

Once or twice a week when a pleasure cruise-ship arrives in the Harbor the old-fashioned shops on Bay Street are thronged with an eager crowd of tourists. They arrive like a swarm of colorful bees, pick up all the bargains, and return to their ships by nightfall. For over a century hundreds of ships have put into the harbor and thousands of visitors have carried back to their homes treasures which come from all over the world and find their way into cheerful little stores which spread their tempting wares all over the town. Here one can purchase fine woolen goods from Scotland, china from France, silverware from Denmark, and every variety of English goods. Most of the shopkeepers have been clever enough to keep the stores in the same way they must have appeared fifty years ago, with merchandise crowding every inch of floor-space, so that the buyers are amazed at the quantities of goods which are displayed. Unfortunately, some of the shopkeepers have visited Miami or points north, and are now taking out their small and tidy windows and replacing them with modern American plate-glass atrocities, apparently with the idea that the "new look" is what visitors are seeking, when in actual fact it is just the opposite.

OLD-TIME visitors to Nassau like myself, remarking on the hustle and bustle which take place in the little town when the cruise ships arrive, used to breathe a sigh of relief when they departed at nightfall. One reason was because so many of the feminine visitors jostling along the streets were attired in the kind of sports outfits which, while appropriate to the ship's deck or swimming pool, seem singularly out of place on the streets of the old town. Stout ladies wearing halters and men's pants, or bulging out of Bikinis, shocked the esthetic senses of the natives. All this decolleté was put an end to recently by the

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NASSAU IN SUMMER: Along about this time the Nassovian gardens are bursting with pink *poui*, *immortelle*, and African tulips, and June bugs are counting the days until the island erupts with poinciana. As for the hotel owners, they are taking deep sighs now that the social season is over, but they are counting the days until the summer rush begins. With the rates chopped 40 per cent, the temperature drifting in the pleasant eighties, the steamboat out of Manhattan and the airplanes out of Queens have been cracking the house record summer after summer. Package tours —pegged at about $65 a week—include hotel, breakfast, and dinner, city tour by taxi daily, and a day in Paradise. Beach, that is.

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very tactful announcement by the authorities that ladies are requested not to wear clothing which is too abbreviated. Don't let this deter you, however. Nobody goes around with a tape measure determining the exact amount of nudity which is permitted. It is generally agreed that a display reaching from knee to ankle is *de rigueur*, but this by no means represents the limits of so-called decency.

Among the pursuits which delight my soul in Nassau I mention the following: Strolling or sitting quietly reading in the beautiful 100-year-old tropical gardens of the Royal Victoria Hotel, or dining in that ancient hostel by candlelight under the rustling palm trees; hiring a motorboat for a cruise over the marine gardens, or a trip to Hog Island and an afternoon of the finest bathing and swimming in the world at Paradise Beach; visiting the British Colonial Hotel Playhouse, where an excellent American acting company produces plays each week, and finally ending up at one of its restaurants or bars, or one of the native nightclubs where the dancing is exotic and the food is equally so. And, depending on your mood and age, it is equally pleasant to go to bed at 9:30 and nothing is likely to stop you, if that is the way you enjoy a vacation. Early to rise in the Bahamas, however, is not exactly the way to become wealthy and wise, for you will surely take an early morning walk down Bay Street and spend all your available cash on something or other to take home to your friends.

A visit to the Parliament is highly rewarding, especially on historic occasions, when His Excellency the Governor and the Members of the Legislature, all attired in uniforms, silk hats, and cutaway coats, remind one that Nassau had a Parliament long before the United States had a Congress. The issues which come before the Legislature, however, while entertaining to the rest of the world, are exceedingly important to the Bahamians. On one occasion I heard the Governor explaining, with the utmost gravity, that the sponge industry was being greatly affected by the fact that the lady sponges were apparently no longer interested in the gentlemen sponges, and the little baby sponges were disappearing from the face of the ocean. I never did hear what happened eventually, but I believe it was discovered that something or other was getting into the water and affecting the love interest of these little creatures. The Governor's speech in which he promised that the Government would take action was greatly applauded.

I was firmly of the opinion when I first visited Nassau years ago that the governors were chosen for their dancing ability, for the first Governor I met there was a most attractive six-foot Englishman with a beautiful American wife who waltzed their way around all the dance floors on the Island, setting an example for charm and dignity which has never since been equaled. I decided that I would try to write a musical play called "The Dancing Governor," the first scene of which would begin with the British Foreign Office trying out all the candidates in order to select the one who danced the best.

However, I am reminded of the fact that I expect to go back to Nassau, and that I must not be misunderstood by my friends or the authorities there. Therefore, I hasten to say that I think Nassau is one of the most delightful, charming, interesting, and restful resorts in the world, and I regard the people who live there and their government with the greatest respect and admiration. Accordingly, I have jettisoned "The Dancing Governor" in favor of "The Vacationing Producer," a production I hope to bring off at least once every year.

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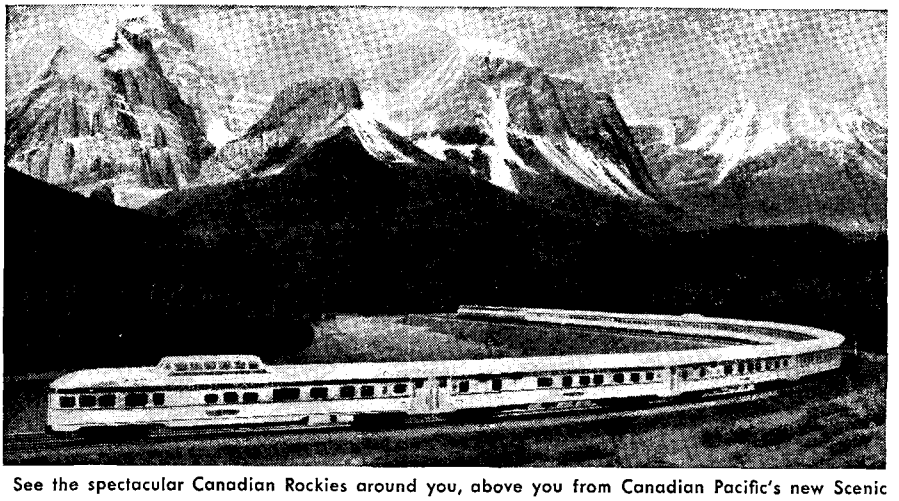

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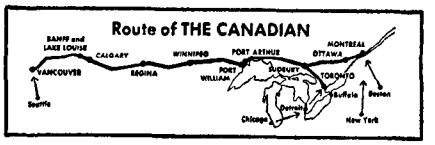

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A Turk in the U. S. A.

Continued from page 37

to me. Since we left Washington the barrier between colored and white people has shown itself. In the bus only the four last rows of seats are allowed to the colored people. In every stop signs indicate "Colored waiting room," "Colored cafeteria," Colored rest-room," etc. . . . I mustn't make a mistake. Once, unaware of that, I was heading to the "Colored cafeteria," and someone caught me by the arm. To be sure that he wasn't making any mistake he looked closely at my dark and newly permanented hair.

ON THE ROAD: More and more Spanish moss. This parasite so eager to grow, that, as they say, it even grows on telephone poles, is smothering big trees. It is hanging down in big lumps from the branches, and its mousey gray color makes it look like old witches' uncombed hair. Something to be seen though, especially after sunset, when everything is reaching that blue-gray shade, thousands of these lumps hanging from dead trees and blown all of them in one direction by the evening wind. I wouldn't like to walk alone among these trees.

NEWNAN: Small town but worthwhile existing. The driver explains to me that Coca-Cola millionaires have their *pied-à-terre.* here. "Here you can find more millionaires than in big cities, comparing to its smallness. Forty at least," he tells me. No one walking in the wide well-kept streets. Only white and pink big mansions, with two or three Cadillacs at the least around each one of them.

We are going fast, slipping past small towns. Is there not any village as one can see in Europe? Small houses huddled close together around their *clocher*? No. In the States everything is too big and there is no need for such small communities where everyone would be busy with his small piece of land, planting in his tiny vegetable garden at the back of the house, milking his cow, and feeding a dozen chickens.

All along the road Coca-Cola red signs and Burma Shaving stuff's slogan . . .

NEW ORLEANS: It's midnight and I am waiting at the entrance of the station for a taxi. Tired as I am, I would like to reach the hotel as quickly as possible. Here is one. The driver is a colored man. The porter who is helping me with my luggage stops me when I start towards it. There is a law in the State of Louisiana. White people are not allowed to ride in a cab driven by a colored man. The driver himself wouldn't accept a white customer . . . The law gives again to him the privilege to carry a white "lady in distress," for instance me . . .

The morning is bright and sunny. Walking down St. Charles Street I reach a big square. I ask my way to Canal Street. Tall buildings, big department stores remind me of New York. But people here walk more leisurely. No rush like in the North. A fat mammy wearing the traditional bandanna and the flared and flowered cotton skirt, a basket full of vegetables hanging from her arm, comes toward me. She is like a picture and I smile at her. She smiles back. The policeman, the drivers, everybody look happy.

FORT WORTH: All around petroleum refineries. I have only one day to spend here. The biggest airport, the largest plant of B-36 bombers are shown to me. The hugest bomber I've seen is now landing . . . I learn that a crew of twenty pilots, engineers, and mechanics is necessary to operate this monstrosity.

A Texan certificate is granted to me, and I have also the biggest hundred bucks bill . . . printed in Texas for Texans . . . This reminds me of an incident that happened en route. As I was telling my companions in the bus about the fruits in my country, and the size of watermelons that come from the southern part of Turkey, one of the listeners asked me very candidly if I was from Texas . . . I didn't catch the meaning at the spot, but now I know what he wanted to say.

Texas, rodeos, cowboys, horse riding . . . What a joke! The only cowboy I saw in Texas was driving a car and his horse was in the trailer behind the car. As for the horse, I saw only its tail. If ever I want to see real rodeos and cowboys, I should better go to a nice Western picture.

ALBUQUERQUE: We are starting with a nice sandstorm. We are driving twelve miles out of the city. I try to peer through the yellow curtain of sand. What I see is a group of adobes, not a single tree. The car runs into the piazza. We circle around. Not a soul, except for three or four hungry dogs. Now some children are coming toward our car. They are all wearing dungarees. An old man goes by without looking at us. He also wears dungarees and a soft hat on shoulder-length greasy hair. This one must remember the old days. He must have watched, hiding behind rocks, long lines of covered wagons heading slowly and patiently towards the west. In the village, in spite of the poor atmosphere, of the obvious lack of comfort, I notice a green Chevrolet parked in one recess between two adobes.

FLAGSTAFF: Quaint little town surrounded by mountains and forests, pinetrees and snow. We are changing bus there to take a local tour-bus to the Grand Canyon. The winding road is running smoothly up into the forest. The air is fresh and exhilarating. It takes quite long to reach the Grand Canyon. The bus stops in front of Bright Angel Lodge. I jump out. My

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companion in the bus is shouting something to me. I am deaf and can't wait any longer. Whatever senses I have are concentrating in my eyes. Well, what do you expect me to say? The Canyon has been described by so many poets, writers, archeologists . . . My words would be too poor to explain how deep are the slips, how tall and majestic are the peaks rising from the depth, how unbelievable are the colors: red, blue, heliotrope, bright and sharp in the sun, smooth and fading velvet in the shadows. A lady among our group is uttering cries of delight, "How wonderful. It looks like a postcard" . . . Why can't people keep their impressions to themselves, and how can the Grand Canyon look like a postcard?

Now the colors are very soft. It is close to sunset. The evening fog is slipping down the Canyon. The Angel Trail at the bottom is still visible from where I stand. Suddenly, sharp as a sabre, an immense rainbow is like a bridge across the peaks. Usually to look at a rainbow in the sky I lift my head. Here I am looking horizon level. I can almost reach at it with my hand.

HOLLYWOOD: Our small group enters the gates of the movie land. Big iron doors are opening for us. Well, although the backside of the screen has been described many times, I can't still believe my eyes. Here is a part of the scenery in Manhattan. We are looking from the seating place of a paralyzed newspaperman into the backyard of the house and the windows of the houses opposite. The story is supposed to be told by a newspaperman who after an accident didn't have anything else to do but watch other people live in their homes. All these houses consisting in one single wall, plastered plywood, and window-openings only. There is nothing behind, but perspective and lights make 100 per cent fake.

In another corner a dead tree and a bench make a romantic winter sight. I come closer. The tree has been nailed on the floor and the branches, cut off from their original and upward position, have been turned upside down and imitate now a strange Japanese tree with horizontal branches. For a summer shooting leaves will be tied on, and for springtime flowers, with Jeannette MacDonald singing underneath.

SAN FRANCISCO: Two colossal bridges, cable-cars. The Top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel is certainly the place I prefer most. A quick look into Chinatown and down to Fisherman's Wharf. During the tour in the Bay I meet a charming old lady from Chicago. She asks me if there is any chance for a prisoner to escape from Alcatraz, the jail island. I hope not. Al Capone is still in everybody's mind.

In the evening a cocktail at the Top of the Mark is quite welcome. The round view from there into the Bay, the islands, the bridges is fascinating. Next day I meet again my friend from yesterday. She looks much older, in the bright sun, than her sixty years. She tells me the story of her life. Widowed, her six sons being all married, she travels now for pleasure. She teaches me how to put curlers on, so that I can have the same myriads of tiny curls she has all around her head. I thank her very much for her kindness. I can't say that I would hate to have those curls on my own head.

MUIR FORESTS: When I wake up it is raining a little. We cross Oakland Bridge. The road climbing up is narrow and on one side very steep. We stop in the middle of the forest. Redwood trees make me feel like an insect. Tall trunks . . . Like a huge cathedral. To look at the dome I almost break my neck. Some years ago fire ran through Muir Woods and left in its wake charred stumps and deep scars in the living trees. Circle of large trees which grew from the roots of the fire-killed trees now surround these old veterans. Awe-inspiring, the tall stately grandeur of the redwoods impresses me strangely . . . Each one of the tall trees is like a hard, savage prayer sprung from the earth and trying to reach higher and higher, nearer to its Creator.

EN ROUTE AGAIN: The early morning is foggy. I learn that this heavy fog is half smoke and half fog. Its name is smog. My eyes and throat are burning . . . We are running fast, running away, up and up into the clear, crisp air. The sights are beautiful. Up here in the mountains winter is still continuing. Frozen lakes, pine trees with their snowy robes. Winter cabins lost in the woods are the only signs of life. The Donner Pass . . . I have read long ago the story of this small group of pioneers who, unable to make the pass in time, were caught there during a cold inexorable winter, trapped among the savage mountains, without food and frozen to death, dying one by one—their faces turned toward the West, the gates of last hope they couldn't reach . . . A statue has been erected at the spot. As our bus runs swiftly past I notice the man's face turned towards the West and bearing the expression so well rendered by the artist of eternal hope and stubborn will of those men who fought with death and conquered.

RENO: A stop of one hour, just enough time to loose a few bucks in the slot machine, so well called "one-armed bandit."

SALT LAKE CITY: Again the same warm welcome at the Utah Hotel peculiar to all American hotels. The visit to this city, headquarters of the Mormons, is very interesting. The organ music in the Tabernacle is beautiful. We can admire the cathedral only from outside. The entrance is forbidden to people who don't belong to this strange faith. No liquor served in the hotel, even mild drinks like beer. In the city the doors are not locked, and windowpanes are large enough to show the inside of the homes to every passerby. No need to hide, to lock. I am much impressed by the confidence and sense of security the members of this community have.

ST. LOUIS: Sorry that I don't have time to visit the caves. But the Botanical Garden—with its tropical flora, its pools covered with water lilies, its miniature forest —is charming.

CHICAGO: I just love it. The hospitality of its people makes my heart swell at the end of my long trip. Tomorrow I will be in New York again. I have seen the most interesting spots in the States, and I will carry within me as long as I live the tender souvenirs about people I have met, and sights I have seen.

My experiences in this trip were unforgettable. In having lived so close to them, having shared their minute sensations, having had the same reactions as theirs in front of the beauty displayed by a gorgeous Nature. I have now the proof of the charming character and eagerness of this young American people, so willing to go always ahead, and whose motto is "Live and let live."

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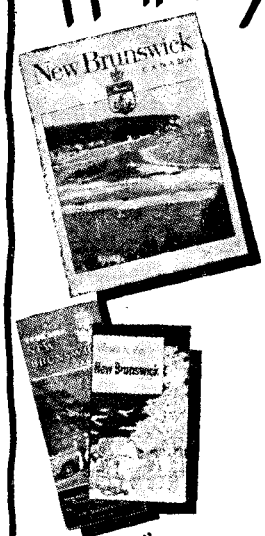

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Decennial in Dutchess County

Continued from page 41

Campobello, and a campaign ad when he was running for state senator. It read:

TO FRUIT GROWERS!

I am convinced after careful investigation that the present law making a 17⅛-inch barrel the legal standard for fruit is unjust and oppressive to fruit growers. . . .

Pledging himself to a 16½-inch standard fruit barrel, he won. There are memories of other campaigns, too, and campaign buttons that say, "For Roosevelt and Repeal." There is a stub for Section E, Row 5, Seat 3, President's Stand for his first inauguration, March 4, 1933, and there is a sampling of the endless gifts in the years that followed—a rug from the Shah of Iran; hangings from the Dalai Lama; the bell from the people of Capri which was rung on V-E and V-J days; a pair of duelling pistols that Lincoln gave to Kibrisili Pasha, Governor of Adrianople, in appreciation of the governor's efforts in catching the killers of an American missionary, and which were returned to Roosevelt through Myron Taylor.

There is the letter from Winston, dated Teheran 1 December 1943, which says:

I was indeed touched by your kind present. It is a beautiful bowl and I shall always treasure it as a remembrance of our sunlit days in Teheran and of the most memorable of my birthdays.

I cannot thank you enough for all your friendship and support in the years in which we have worked together, and I am glad of this occasion to send you a message of affection and gratitude.

I left the library and followed the path up to the rose garden. The rain had stopped and there was no sound except the twittering of the jays and sparrows. Here in the shelter of a high hemlock hedge that was planted before James Roosevelt came, here in the garden that bloomed bright red and pink before July 4 when the Roosevelts left each year for Campobello, here before a fourteen-ton slab of Vermont marble lies Franklin Roosevelt in the grave he himself had designed. It was his wish to be interred beneath the marble, but a foundation that would support this heavy tomb could not be built in time, and he lies in front marked by a simple American flag of the kind children wave at parades. Alongside the sundial is the grave of Fala, 1940-1952. And looking down is the maroon coach house with its gables, its steeple, and its escutcheon marked "1886." It was last used as a stable the day the West Pointers arrived with their caisson for the funeral.

I thought of the centerfold of the *Daily News* of April 16, 1945, which is pasted on a file cabinet in the National Park Service office in the Roosevelt home. The panorama photograph shows the 600 cadets, the honor guard from the 240th M.P. Co., the black-cloaked wives of the four sons, three of whom were overseas. Across the two pages ran the streamer headline, "Here He Lies Where He Longed to Be . . . Home Is the Sailor, Home from the Sea." Underneath the picture ran the caption, "In the hush of the sorrowful setting, dignitaries listen as Dr. George W. Anthony intones, 'Father in Your keeping, leave we now Thy servant sleeping . . .'"

Now, ten years after the President's death, I thought of what Mrs. Roosevelt had said when she dedicated the grounds as a National Historic Site back in 1946:

This is the house in which my husband was born and brought up. It has undergone some changes since the days when he first saw the light of day, but they were changes made to meet the needs of a growing family and his own tastes. He always felt that this was his home, and he loved the house and the view, the woods, special trees, the particular spots where he played as a child; or where he had ridden his horse as a child; or where he had ridden his horse as a boy and a man, or where he drove his car when he was no longer able to ride.

My husband's spirit will live in this house, in the library, and in the quiet garden inside the hedge where he wished his body to lie. . . . It was the people, all of the people of this country and of the world, whom my husband loved and kept constantly in his mind and heart. He would want them to enjoy themselves in these surroundings, and to draw from them rest and peace and strength, as he did all the days of his life.

FDR receiving congratulations in 1936.

The rain had stopped and a pale flush of red showed through a chink in the gray. In the flowerbeds the tulip leaves were reaching for the April sky, and the timid sun was making orange lakes of the puddles in the garden walk. I got in the car and drove slowly down the long driveway to the main road, and then south towards Manhattan.

HEMISPHERE HOLIDAY: Last week in fifteen pages we tried to cover Europe. Emboldened by success, we're biting off nothing less than a hemisphere this issue, probing for vacation ideas in the land mass that stretches from Canada to the summer isle of Nassau. We've been abetted by Semin Köni, a young Turkish lady who traveled coast to coast by bus, a feat worthy of an article if not a medal; Keith Munro, Canadian, reporter, onetime business manager of the Dionne Quintuplets, magazine freelancer, in that chronological order; Donald Demarest, teacher at the Mexican Writing Center and author of the 1954 novel "Fabulous Ancester"; and Lawrence Langner, theatrical producer, author, patent attorney, and a founder of the Theatre Guild. The home talent commemorates an anniversary at Hyde Park, and the portfolio was edited by W. D. Patterson and Horace Sutton.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 618

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 618 will be found in the next issue.

BE KSWVS OK ATYV

CBHWKZ CV ZGHO ATYV

BPEKSTERV.

OAVKWKSV WSVBHVS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 617

Great hypocrites are the real atheists.

—Bacon

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Canada

Continued from page 39

actress Nazimova after her first trip through them: "I thought the Alps were wonderful. They are. But the Rockies—I've never seen anything like them," she said.

We stopped over at Banff, and took in Lake Louise, which I never can quite believe is real. Yet people say that Emerald Lake is more spectacular. By now you are completely surrounded by mountains and their numbers and majesty grow as the train fights its way through them. There's Cascade, Stoney Squaw, Sulphur, Rundle, Eisenhower, and hundreds of others that hold their heads 10,000 feet up in the sky as though they were trying to keep those snow crowns from melting. Two-thirds of the way up they're green. At the tree line there begins a wide band of stark red or blue or gray rock and then comes the white hat.

Everywhere there were wild flowers growing. Most common was a purple flower that reached right up to the snow line. At the Great Divide we could have washed our hands in snow if the train had stopped.

SCARCELY a mile passes that you don't wonder how man ever managed to build a road there. Near Field are the famous spiral tunnels where, under the shadow of Mount Vanguard and Mount Cathedral, the train burrows its way down through tunnels that are stacked one above the other, to get down to Kicking Horse River. When that joins the Columbia River you follow a truly awesome mountain torrent, fed by the melting ice caps of myriad mountains. We saw moose, deer, elk, and an occasional bear.

In between mountain ranges farms began to appear, orchards, and fishing camps. Kamloops is a cowtown with huge ranchhouses and corrals. Always we seemed to be following river courses, sometimes through canyons where the spray covered the windows. On the morning of the third day we wound our way along the bank of a river that led us to the Pacific, to the city of Vancouver. The sun was just peaking over the snowy tips of the three mountains that hem the city in against the Pacific. This was the end of steel and the end of one of the most fascinating trips we've ever taken.

The trip back was just as wonderful. Doris's only criticism was: "It wasn't long enough."

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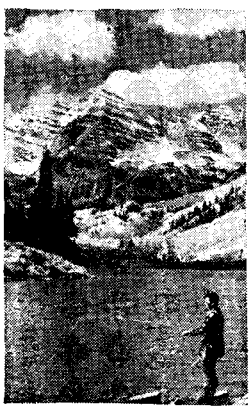

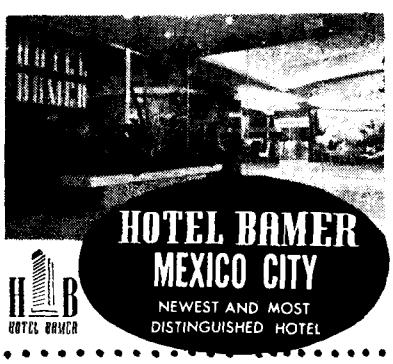

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Shakespeare, Sex . . . and Dr. Bowdler

Continued from page 8

the cheek of modest innocence"—a cheek which colors or fails to color in accordance with the changing mores of the passing day, while the truth of Shakespeare's characters remains steady and unchanging.

"Shakespeare is never filthy," says Eric Partridge, "he is broad, ribald, healthily coarse, unsqueamishly natural, and unaffectedly humorous. . . ." And: "Shakespeare never exclaims 'Oh, shocking!,' never sniggers: he fails—very naturally—to see that there is any occasion to be shocked: and to him the subject calls for a hearty laugh, not a prurient snigger."

ERIC PARTRIDGE might be called the modern anti-Bowdler, the farthest extreme in the opposite direction in which Bowdler traveled. In "Shakespeare's Bawdy" (Dutton, $7.50) he has made a careful and sober study of what he calls "a neglected, yet very important, aspect of Shakespeare's character and art"—sexuality and bawdiness in the plays and poems. Where Bowdler scoured Shakespeare word by word to cleanse him of every last smudge of impropriety, Partridge scrutinizes the plays with equal diligence for the diametrically opposed reason: to uncover and clarify every sexual reference, explain it, and illumine it in the context of the poet's work. It is Partridge's point that what Bowdler so laboriously abolished is a major element in Shakespeare's art, without which it is not only not improved, as Bowdler believed, but outrageously maimed. The eroticism is not something smeared on to truckle to the baser appetites of the audience, but a vitalizing and fermenting ingredient which contributes to making Shakespeare Shakespeare.

"In him, erotic wit often becomes so penetrating, so profound, so brilliant," Partridge writes, "that it would make us forget the eroticism, were it not that the eroticism itself is penetrating and profound; and certainly the degree of wit renders the eroticism aseptic and—except to prudes and prurients—innocuous."

Accordingly, Partridge, a University lecturer and former Fellow of Oxford, applies the same scholarly techniques that produced his "Usage and Abusage" and "The World of Words" to his exploration and analysis of the sex theme in Shakespeare. More than half of the book is devoted to a glossary clarifying the Bard's bawdy use of such seemingly innocent words as *traffic, treasury, trick, flower, flax, tumble, turrets, sunburnt, glib, glow*, and hundreds of others. He counts up the number of synonyms Shakespeare uses for the male sex organ (forty-five) and for the female (sixty-eight). He classifies the plays according to the varying degree of their erotic content: "Twelfth Night," "the cleanest comedy except 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' "; "Measure for Measure" and "Othello," "Shakespeare's most sexual, most bawdy plays"; "Pericles": "the brothel scene (IV, ii) is perhaps the lowest scene in Shakespeare": "Macbeth," "the 'purest' of the tragedies," and so on.

Bowdler, for all his dogged insistence on suppression, was nowhere near the scholar that Partridge is in his work of illumination. When Shakespeare has the Nurse in Act II. Scene V, say to Juliet—

> . . . I must another way,
> To fetch a ladder, by which your love
> Must climb a bird's nest when it is dark:
> I am the drudge, and toil in your delight . . .

—Bowdler was sharp enough to catch the naughty allusion and Bowdlerize the passage to read:

> . . . I must another way,
> I must go fetch a ladder for your love.
> I am the drudge, and toil in your delight.

But the following speech from "King Henry IV," Part I, and dozens like it, he unwittingly let stand—

> Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
> Directly unto this question that I ask:
> In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
> And if thou will not tell me all things true.

Bowdler was too innocent, or too dull-witted, to realize that Lady Percy is here using very unladylike language indeed; but Partridge knows, and he has no fear that his frank glossary note explaining the indelicate reference will seriously undermine the morality of his readers.

This attitude received sweeping confirmation one Sunday afternoon not many months ago when Orson Welles, as King Lear, bellowed—

> Let copulation thrive . . .

—and the rest of that bitter passage, unbowdlerized, into several million television homes without noticeably lowering the moral tone of the American public or corrupting any appreciable number of those virtuous females Bowdler was forever wringing his hands over. What Shakespeare judged could safely be absorbed by mixed company in sixteenth-century London can evidently be taken in stride by succeeding generations also, despite the prognosis of Dr. Bowdler.

"An examination of every passage of Shakespeare's sexual imagery," runs Eric Partridge's argument, "would show, once and for all, how picturesque and arresting were his imagination and fancy; how concise and pregnant and vivid the manner in which he expressed those mental faculties; how apt the use of the sexual metaphor in any given context . . . how large and yet how exact his vocabulary; how rich his mind; his emotions how varied; how widescoped his esthetic purpose, expressing itself in purest poetry or the most pedestrian prose and ranging from ethereal delicacy to the most cynical and brutal coarseness, with subtlety and wit applied sometimes to the most unlikely subjects."

But when *The British Critic* insisted on having Shakespeare "placed before our eyes as he really was," Bowdler responded, in caps, with the eternal bleat of the censor:

IF ANY WORD OR EXPRESSION IS OF SUCH A NATURE THAT THE FIRST IMPRESSION IT EXCITES IS AN IMPRESSION OF OBSCENITY, THAT WORD OUGHT NOT TO BE SPOKEN NOR WRITTEN OR PRINTED; AND, IF PRINTED, IT OUGHT TO BE ERASED.

The climate of literature continually fluctuates between these extremes of Bowdler at one pole and Partridge at the other, from the "Family Shakespeare" to "Shakespeare's Bawdy" and all variations between. Bowdler, his successors, heirs, and assigns are always with us, bold when the atmosphere is right for their flourishing, running for cover when the wind blows the other way. The comfort is that Shakespeare, just as he is and without alteration, is certain to survive all weathers for all time.

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Weekend Fun

Continued from page 21

tally, is part of a series put out by Putnam on the major-league teams. The latest is **"The Baltimore Orioles"** ($3.50) by the veteran baseball observer Fred Lieb. Thanks to the unfortunate St. Louis Browns, whose fifty-two-year history included one pennant and a thousand headaches, the Orioles bounced back to the major leagues last year. Lieb includes a brief (but merciful) rundown on the Browns' frustrations, but the accent is on those early Orioles, who were the best and most colorful ball club of their time, and who spawned such immortals as John McGraw, Wee Willie Keeler, Hugh Jennings, and Joe McGinnity. The Orioles will undoubtedly be struggling in the lower reaches of the second division again this year, but it might give Baltimore fans courage and hope for the future to read this authoritative book and warm themselves in the past glories of the Orioles.

FOR anyone who plans a feverish summer of baseball viewing, and to heck with everything else, **"The 1955 Mutual Baseball Almanac"** (Doubleday, $2.50) is to be recommended. Written by Roger Kahn and Harry Wismer, and edited by Paul Lapolla, the book is full of statistics, schedules, and information on present and past ballplayers.

And if this feverish fan has a son or a daughter he would do well to pick up **"Yankee Batboy,"** by Joe Carrieri, as told to Zander Hollander (Prentice-Hall, $2.95). Any boy growing up in America and interested in baseball who never dreamed of one day becoming a batboy for a major-league team must have been abnormal. It was a dream we all had, and this book tells how one boy fulfilled it—with the most successful professional ball club in America. As in the previous ghost-written books mentioned, this one is full of all the right grammar and syntax.

Which brings me straight down to Dizzy Dean (I do not have Lee Allen's iron fortitude) who dramatizes more than anyone else why ghost-writing will continue to be a busy—if unsung—profession as long as baseball exists. Ol' Diz was once accused by some schoolteachers in Missouri of corrupting the schoolchildren by his abuse of grammar and syntax in his broadcasts of the St. Louis ball games.

"Sin-tax?" Dean guffawed. "Are them jokers in Washington puttin' a tax on that, too?"

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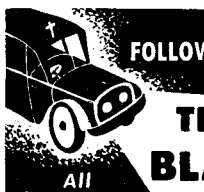

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THE FINE ARTS

NON-ABSTRACT AUTHORITIES

"IT IS such a relief nowadays," a museum director said recently, "to find a new artist working with authority in a non-abstract style." The remark is meaningful in that the man who made it is by no means reactionary in taste, but has been a consistent defender of many of the most advanced trends in the art of our century. The remark was made while a group of us were looking at some pictures by the British painter Francis Bacon. It would have been as appropriate, I think, if the works on view had been done by two young Americans: the painter Grace (George) Hartigan and the sculptor Elbert Weinberg. Both artists seem to me extremely gifted in their separate media and directions. My guess is that larger fame will soon be theirs.

Born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1922 and first trained as an artist by Isaac Lane Muse, Miss Hartigan was herself once an abstract painter. And then quite suddenly she felt impelled to paint figures in recognizable, if still far from conventional terms, and to rediscover in the process qualities of moment and human aura which she thought abstractions tended to omit or disguise. Her revelation, if one may call it that, occurred only a few years ago. It was accompanied by a thorough reappraisal of virtues in the art of the past that could help her in her new resolve. Matisse had long meant a great deal to her. But now she studied intently the old masters, especially those of scintillating flourish, as when in 1952 she made studies after Velasquez's "Infanta Margarita" and Tiepolo's "The Building of the Trojan Horse." She wanted, she said, to try to penetrate the mystery of *painting*. In so doing she naturally broke with some of her former colleagues in abstraction, whose scholasticism and restraint no longer appealed to her. One might say in brief that she began to evolve a more overtly emotional kind of art, though one must keep in mind her deep mistrust of expressionism's introversion, whether tormented or musical. Her natural language was color. She learned to speak it with vivid sponteneity and a remarkable subtlety of emphasis and change.

Hartigan could not, however, be satisfied for long with color for its own sake, even if brilliantly orchestrated, as in the early works of Kandinsky and Delaunay. During the past two years her instinct to create an imagery whose juxtapositions would be wry rather than fantastic has made itself felt more and more clearly. Thus far the preoccupation has reached its climax in her picture of a shop window on New York's Grand Street, where wedding gowns for the budgeted bride are on display in a strange rivalry of ugliness and hope (see illustration). The picture's virtuosity is so entrancing that one peers at it intently, inch by inch. Afterwards one becomes aware of the work's monumentality and cohesion: live beings have donned the mannequins' clothes; a quiet, tenacious drama unfolds. It is no accident that Hartigan greatly admires Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" of 1907. For her, presumably, the picture is important not because it announces the beginning of cubism's esthetic, but because it proposes a bold choreography involving disparate figures, their action united by swift fusions of color and line. At any rate, Hartigan has made open reference to the "Demoiselles" in a few of her recent paintings. Her rereading of its meaning is one more indication that masterpieces are often freshened in impact by the predilections of succeeding generations of artists.

In general aim Hartigan is allied to other younger American painters, among them Larry Rivers, Elaine de Kooning, and Robert De Niro, with Willem de Kooning a respected predecessor both in technique and because his "Woman" of 1952 was a powerful stimulus for the newer artists in their effort to move away from abstraction. The group (and the term applies only in its loosest sense) has found an eloquent champion in Frank O'Hara, whose article "Nature and New Painting," published in *Folder* in 1954, is a valuable document on the new movement. And at the time of Hartigan's solo exhibition at Vassar College last year, an undergraduate, Emily Dennis, wrote a perceptive thesis on the artist; I can't for the life of me understand why it hasn't been reprinted in one of the art magazines. Well, at least Hartigan's pictures can now be seen for themselves in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, the

—*Walter Silver.*

—*Felbemeyer.*

"Grand Street Bride," by Grace Hartigan, and "Ritual Figure," by Elbert Weinberg—"extremely gifted in their media."

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Whitney Museum of American Art, and Vassar College. Go have a look. The young woman is a born painter, improving all the time and already most persuasive.

WHEREAS Hartigan lives in New York and takes an active part in professional discussions whose lively forum is the 8th Street Club, Elbert Weinberg is a student at the Yale Department of Fine Arts, prefers to live and work in a smaller city like New Haven, and is known only to a small group of enthusiasts. Among the latter is Frederick P. Walkey, director of the DeCordova and Dana Museum, who chose Weinberg as one of the artists to represent New England in *Art in America*'s "New Talent in the U.S.A." issue, published in February of this year. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1928, Weinberg began attending night classes in the Hartford Art School at the age of fifteen, and later enrolled as a full-time student, abandoning painting for sculpture during his second year at the School. In 1951 he won a Prix de Rome. The award has had a profound effect on his career, for in Italy he met leading sculptors like Marino Marini and Pericle Fazzini and was touched by the generosity of Italian artists in general toward a young and unknown sculptor from a foreign country. (Today Weinberg lives by preference on Wooster Square in the Italian section of New Haven, away from the University's dormitories.) During his two years in Europe Weinberg also saw the sculpture of outstanding non-Italian artists; he mentions with enthusiasm Brancusi and the younger British sculptor Kenneth Armitage, whose works he came to know in the show of contemporary English sculpture handsomely arranged at the 1952 Biennial Exposition in Venice by Herbert Read.

The fact that Weinberg is exceptionally well trained in the technique of his medium and is fully aware of his older colleagues' achievement makes his individuality even more impressive. The memory of synagogues attended in youth has been his central inspiration and his subjects, whether carved in wood or cast in bronze, are mostly concerned, to use Mr. Walkey's words, "with the ritual and pageantry of the service, the procession led by the Rabbi carrying the Torah, the symbolism of the use of the horn and the chant of the Cantor." Weinberg's art is essentially heraldic, and this applied not only to his smaller works intended for private scrutiny, but to public commissions undertaken in collaboration with the architect Robert Engman, as when recently he executed a twelve-foot eagle for the facade of the Fraternal Order of Eagles Building in Atlanta. Thus far his finest sculpture is perhaps the "Ritual Figure" of 1954 (see reproduction), beautifully carved and combining poignant intensity with a very real dignity and grandeur. For the moment at Yale Weinberg is experimenting with the welding techniques which have come into favor in American art schools through the revival of Constructivism. I doubt that he will continue in this direction, since Barlach would seem to be more nearly his spiritual father than Gonzalez or Pevsner. He himself by inference confirms my doubt. "This piece is my conscience," he said almost ruefully a few weeks ago, pointing to the "Ritual Figure." Like Hartigan, he respects to the utmost the precepts of the great pioneers in the art of the first half of our century. Like her, too, he may well feel that now is the time to move on to the creation of valid and distinct later-century styles.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Pre-Christian Greeks

HELLENISTIC SCULPTURE: As a period of the history of art, the Hellenistic era was a discovery of the early nineteenth century, and even then an adequate concept of Hellenistic art did not follow immediately. The "Laocoön" group was a famous antique long before anyone defined it as "Hellenistic," and the capital monuments which are the rallying points of Hellenistic art were unknown until the late nineteenth century. For this reason a synthesis of Hellenistic art has rarely been attempted, but now in **"The Sculpture of the Hellenistic Age"** (Columbia University Press, $17.50) Margarete Bieber marks a decisive step forward. We have had too many pleasant books on art, all with short easy texts, but here is a volume of a different caliber—a volume well-designed to cope with the variety of Hellenistic sculpture. We are first made acquainted with the fourth-century background of Hellenistic sculpture, then with Lysippus. From this, their common origin, the Hellenistic "schools" formed, and we can follow their growth and vicissitudes almost to the beginning of the Christian era. We can also follow the principal tendencies of their sculptures: politics, genre scenes, and naturalism.

There is one question of major importance in the book which this reviewer cannot bypass: the idea that Hellenistic sculpture "conquered" space. I am inclined to doubt such a statement. But, despite this, Miss Bieber's book is a rare event in art-book publishing.

—OTTO J. BRENDEL.

Fiction

Continued from page 15

ing to accept the permanence of little ghouls among us Mrs. Chamberlain's novel of Sarah Lou, who is more sinned against than sinning, is good on many counts, the most obvious being that "The Tall Dark Man" is wrought around a believable child whose lonely struggle with her problem of rejection communicates itself vividly to the reader.

—FRANCES KEENE.

MEDIEVAL PAGEANT: As one historical novel follows another in unbroken succession it becomes increasingly apparent that there will soon be few chapters of the past that have not been transferred from the dull pages of the textbook to the livelier writing of romance. Of no period is this more true than of the relatively unfamiliar five centuries of English history between the Norman Conquest and Elizabeth I, which have been brought to life recently by such novels as Hilda Prescott's excellent "The Man on the Donkey" and Anya Seton's outstanding "Katherine." Now Alice Walworth Graham skilfully helps close the gap.

Her **"The Vows of the Peacock"** (Doubleday, $3.95) takes place in the reign of Edward II—that contemptible Edward of Caernarvon, each of whose sorry and successive favorites was more able and more ruinous than his predecessor. Basically Miss Graham's novel tells about two women, Elizabeth Beauchamp (who marries Lord Thomas Astley) and Isabella, daughter of the King of France (who marries Edward). They start much the same, both being in love with life though reasonably idealistic. But Elizabeth's marriage is an idyll while Isabella's is disintegrated by her frustrations until she becomes as evil as the very ones she once hated. Her next to last steps are murder and adultery, and she ends up mad.

"The Vows of the Peacock" is, however, something more than the life history of this pair of ladies. It is also the story of the men and women who surround them: the bedecked mountebank Piers Gaveston; the broad-shouldered Mortimer, whose hatred and ambition drove him to the devil; the merciless and cruel Philip the Fair, whose face surprisingly bore no stamp of evil, and a hundred more who jousted, feasted, and loved in those days. It is they—and not the plot, for there is no plot—who give the book its character and make it a commendable job.

—THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

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Books for Young People

—"Crystal Mountain."

ALL OVER the world children and adults are commemorating this month, and April 2 especially, as the one-hundred-fiftieth birthday of Hans Christian Andersen. His stories are being retold, exhibits are being held, and programs are being presented. Appropriate for this celebration are an appreciation of him as a storyteller by Rumer Godden (*SR* Dec. 25, 1954) and her biography in Knopf's Great Lives in Brief Series (*SR* April 9). Last year British Book Center published "Hans Andersen: Forty-two Stories," edited by M. R. James ($3.50), replacing the out-of-print "Hans Andersen: Forty Stories," published by Lippincott. Two very beautiful, but expensive, new Andersen items are his own "Fairy Tale of My Life" brought out in an English edition by British Book Center ($25) and an Italian edition of his fairy tales, "Fiabe Di Andersen," illustrated by children's drawings (Museum Books, $10).

Reviewers for this issue: Leone Garvey, Supervisor, Boys' and Girls' Department, Public Library, Berkeley, Calif., and Lecturer, School of Librarianship, University of California; Elizabeth A. Groves, Assistant Professor, School of Librarianship, University of Washington; Della McGregor, Chief, Juvenile Division, Public Library, St. Paul, Minn.; Nance O'Neall, Librarian Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, Calif.; and Mildred R. Phipps, Supervisor, Work with Children, Public Library, Pasadena, Calif.

—Frances Lander Spain, *Supervisor, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

THE LITTLE STEAMROLLER. *By Graham Greene. Illustrated by Dorothy Craigie. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* Cloth, $2.35; boards, $2. This is the third amusing picture story-book by a well-known British author who usually produces more serious fare for adults. It is a worthy successor to "The Little Red Fire Engine" and "The Little Horse Bus" and, while very English in tone, this story of "adventure, mystery, and detection" will be enjoyed by young Americans. Little Steamroller leads a busy though humdrum life keeping the roads clear at the London Airport. Then the day arrives when customs officers fail to detect the gold nuggets so carefully hidden in some building bricks. Little Steamroller goes into action and captures the cleverest smuggler in the Black Hand Gang. "Now the Little Steamroller, wherever he rolls, in winter or summer, sun or snow, wears the Queen's Police Medal for courage and resource."

Many little boys enjoy stories of animated machinery. While this is not another "Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel," it should have an enthusiastic reception. Dorothy Craigie's gay illustrations are perfectly in keeping with the story.

—Mildred R. Phipps.

THE LOVELY TIME. *By Audrey Chalmers. Illustrated by the author. Viking Press.* $2. Maw, a resourceful foundling cat, the mother of many kittens, solves the problem of homes for them all, by taking them each for a walk—and coming home alone! However it is Sonny, the smartest of her progeny, who effectively teaches her how to "share" her home. A delightful cat story, with an amusing new twist. The cat characters are firmly drawn, the plot will please young and old, and the black-and-white crayon-style drawings are among this author's best. Recommended for reading aloud.

—Elizabeth A. Groves.

—*By Susan Knight, for "Mr. Magic."*

"... a rabbit that seemed to disappear."

MR. MAGIC. *By Margaret G. Otto. Illustrated by Susan Knight. Henry Holt.* $2.50. Ten-year-old Barny found a brown rabbit that seemed to disappear when he turned around and his fluffy white tail did not show. Because of his "magic" trick he won first prize at a pet show, earned his name, Mr. Magic, and performed many remarkable feats. Barny, his sister Gretel, and their friends organized a Mr. Magic Club, had a surprise Easter party, and were delighted that the rabbit was as real as he was magic. This easy-to-read story of children and their pets will please beginning readers who enjoyed Miss Otto's "Pumpkin, Ginger, and Spice" and "Roly-Poly Snowman" of last year. —F. L. S.

THE EXPANDABLE BROWNS. *By Adele and Chateau DeLeeuw. Illustrated by Don Sibley. Little, Brown.* $2.75. "The Expandable Browns" is a gay, fresh presentation of the activities of a normal, easy-going family of five who outgrow their small quarters, expand into a sizable house, and in the interval of settling and growing up acquire relatives and neighbors and the inevitable number of pets, sometimes with grace and other times under protest. There is a slight thread of mystery that seems a bit out of key with the development of the story and adds nothing to it. Little girls in the fourth and fifth grades will enjoy the tale and find it well within their reading ability. —Della McGregor.

CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN. *By Belle Dorman Rugh. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75. Mrs. Rugh, who lived many years in Lebanon, has drawn on her knowledge of that country and its people to give authenticity to this story of two American boys and a ten-year-old English tomboy who live in the mountains north of Beirut. Assisted by a younger brother and an eccentric but engaging governess spiritually akin to Mary Poppins, they explore the rocks and caves of Crystal mountain, rescue a puppy, and solve the mystery of the deserted hut with a window that looks out on—nothing at all.

Ernest Shepard's always delightful drawings interpret the life and customs of this Arab country and accentuate the story's humor and feeling for the out-of-doors. —F. L. S.

THE FIRST BOOK OF PREHISTORIC ANIMALS. *By Alice Dickinson. Illustrated by Helene Carter. Franklin Watts.* $1.75. Definitely above the average for books on prehistoric life is this latest title in the useful First Book Series. The young—and perhaps even the reluctant—reader will find prehistory told here in terms as simple as a subject

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filled with long Greek names will allow. The span of animal life from earliest times to the appearance of man is not told as dead history but as an exciting field of present-day investigation. The numerous illustrations are excellent and well worth studying. Almost every form of life mentioned in the book is shown against a background suggestive of the one in which it lived. A glossary and an index have been included.

—NANCE O'NEALL.

HELICOPTERS: HOW THEY WORK. *By John Lewellen. Illustrated by A. W. Revell. Thomas Y. Crowell.* $2. Mr. Lewellen has the ability to make technical information easily understood and, at the same time, extremely interesting. This was true of "The Atomic Submarine" published last year, and this equally successful book on helicopters.

The reader's attention is caught immediately by the description of a thirty-mile trip the author took in a helicopter from the top of the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. His experiences and the pilot's explanations as they fly through bad weather are vividly narrated. Later chapters explain the technicalities of flying the "whirlybird," how it differs from the airplane, how to identify different types, its early history, and what to look for in the future.

Mr. Lewellen's informal, chatty style and the amusing stories out of the helicopter's past make the book interesting to the general reader, as well as the many air-minded boys and girls who will find here all the answers to their questions on helicopters. The author, who flies his own plane, is vice president of Quiz Kids, Inc., and also of Louis G. Cowan, Inc., a radio and television producing firm.

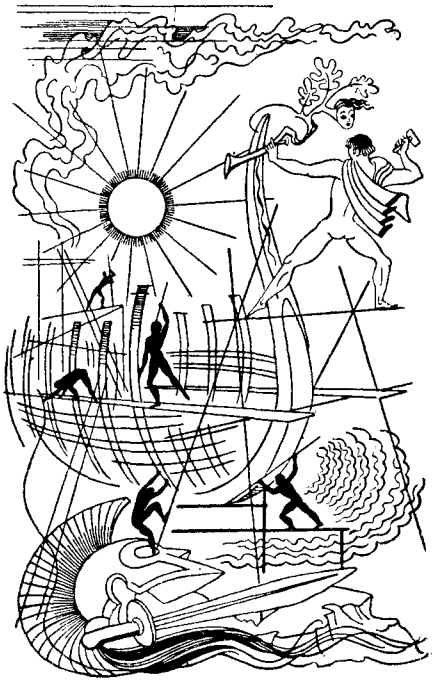
—M. R. P.

HENRY HUDSON. *By Ronald Syme. Illustrated by William Stobbs. William Morrow.* $2.50. This is a straightforward fictionized biography of a courageous explorer, a companion volume to "Columbus, Finder of the New World" and "Magellan, First Around the World." The characters of Hudson and his shipload of rogues are strongly drawn. The author is successful, in a brief text, in presenting an unforgettable picture of a man, buoyed up by his vision and tenacity, determined to find a shorter route to the East. The facts are given authenticity by frequent excerpts from the diaries and writings of the explorer himself and of Abacuk Prickett. The graphic endpaper maps, the black-and-white line drawings, the good type face, well-leaded text, attractive page, all strengthen the book's use in units on early explorers and as an introduction to the reading of biography. —E.A.G.

ANDREW JACKSON: FRONTIER STATESMAN. *By Clara Ingram Judson. Illustrated by Lorence F. Bjorklund. Follett.* $3. This is the fifth of the author's biographies of great American Presidents and the times in which they lived. It is the essential genius of Mrs. Judson that, from the mass of material and with meticulous but unobtrusive research, she weaves together for children and young people a vivid picture of the complete man and his place in history. Andrew Jackson is a hero of great appeal to young Americans. He was a frontier boy who lived in a time of great men, who won and lost more than one fortune, who laid the foundations of the modern Democratic Party; who built a beautiful home, the Hermitage, for his family, and who lived there to enjoy his last days in ease and honor. This is a warm portrait of a very firm but very human man, a man whose soldiers recognizing his staunchness affectionately nicknamed him "Old Hickory." The format of the book is handsome and inviting. —LEONE GARVEY.

Hardy Perennial

IN HIS day, which was from 1819 to 1875, few credited Charles Kingsley with being a novelist, naturalist, professor, and poet of note. His countrymen knew him as a radical, a cleric whose protestations for labor almost lost him his pulpit in Hampshire. And perhaps no one anticipated that the "spare, hawklike" English parson (to crib one description) would find immortality in some books that he wrote and illustrated for his youngsters. There were "Madam How and Lady Why" and "The Water Babies" (nature stories) and "The Heroes; or, Greek Fairy Tales for My Children." First printed in 1855, "The Heroes" was for many editions prefaced by a long, paternal letter to the dedicatees: Rose, Maurice, and Mary. "Some of you," Dr. Kingsley said in part, "have heard already of the old Greeks; and all of you as you grow up will hear more and more of them . . . Now I love these old Hellens heartily; . . . they seem to me like brothers . . . So if you must learn about them . . . I wish to be the first to introduce you to them . . . The stories are not all true, of course, . . . but the meaning of them is true for ever, and that is—'Do right, and God will help you'." And in the concluding lines to his book about Perseus, the Argonauts, and Theseus the Reverend Mr. Kingsley wrote, "So it is still, my children, and so it will be to the end. In those old Greeks, and in us also, all strength and virtue come from God. But if men grow proud and self-willed, and misuse God's fair gifts, He lets them go their own ways, and fall pitifully, that the glory may be His alone. God helps us all, and gives us wisdom, and courage to do noble deeds! but God keep pride from us when we have done them, lest we fall, and come to shame!" The letter has been omitted, but these last lines still stand sturdily in Macmillan's remarkably stylish New Children's Classics edition of "The Heroes" ($2), a book illustrated by Vera Bock of such beautiful design that the American Institute of Graphic Arts had it on exhibit last month at the Children's Book Show held in New York's Metropolitan Museum.



—By Vera Bock, for "The Heroes."

". . . 'do right and God will help you'."

* * *

Regrettably, our March HARDY PERENNIAL did not make it clear that the large, handsome edition of Howard Pyle's "Adventures of Robin Hood," published years ago by Scribner's, is still available, along with his "Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," a former school text recently republished in an attractive trade edition.

—ROCHELLE GIBSON.

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TEEN-AGE GIRLS: Learn Shakespearean comedy through acting; interpret mythology in dancing. Read for enrichment; write for improvement. Elect Latin, German; enjoy sports. PARKER SUMMER ACADEMY, Upstate New York, has experienced staff, director Ph.D., Radcliffe. Pamphlet. Box V-584.

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TWO ENRICO CARUSO ORIGINALS, perfect condition. Box W-90.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss Import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering). $3.95, $6, $7.50 up. Recorder music and records. Free catalogue R45, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

PERSONALS

USDA technician with broad education (Princeton and Iowa State) desires change in employment. Successful experiences in news and promotion work convinced me should be in the field of journalism. Conversant with agriculture, "grass roots" politics, sports. 35, married, two children. No tux but will travel. Box V-991.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free home study course in the Catholic religion. PAULIST INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 2 Columbus Ave., NYC 23.

BINOCULAR HEADQUARTERS. Write for catalogue, helpful information. Bartlett Hendricks, Pittsfield 50-B, Massachusetts.

"FOREIGN JOB OPPORTUNITIES!" Excellent professional, technical, teaching, clerical positions Europe, Asia, S. America, Africa. Detailed information on 200 job classifications; over 100 firms, government agencies now hiring. (Male, Female.) Only $3. Money-back guarantee. OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 215, Alden Manor, Elmont, N. Y.

DRIVING N. Y.—Madison, Wisconsin, June 23. Desire female companion. Box W-94.

EPISCOPAL SEMINARIAN, MIT grad; 4 years' administrative experience; teaching; French. May 15-September 15; office work, chauffeur, companion-tutor, anything for seminary expenses. Box W-95.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS MAGAZINE (English) with all the glamour of far-away places in its copy seeks more working capital. A SOUND, EXPERIENCED PUBLICATION, returning its editorial base U. S., prefers investor take active part. VISION + CAPITAL. Box W-96.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

LANDSCAPE, Magazine of Human Geography, appearing three times yearly is interested in stimulating articles on regional geography, architecture, city planning, and agriculture with appeal to the intelligent layman. J. B. JACKSON, EDITOR, Box 73, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

JAPAN — Graduate Business Student, accounting major, having acquaintance with Japanese language, customs, and places, desires summer situation as traveling companion or business associate. Box V-983.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

YOUNG COUPLE, college, seeks summer employment. Box W-92.

FREE RENT in modernized farmhouse, foothills White Mountains May to November in return for housekeeping for busy elderly gentleman. Floyd Voris, Tamworth, New Hampshire.

UNIQUE PROJECT . . . your own BOOKPLATE designed by the artist expressly for you. Write for folder. William Lauritzen, 1310 Bolton Road, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

VERSATILE Male Teacher, 26, seeks diverting position for summer holiday. Box W-93.

HAVE YOU son, daughter with creative talents who would flourish in small, new, friendly college? Fall semester begins September 26. Catalogue on request. Windham College, Putney, Vermont.

COOK: Experienced. Recent references. Gentlewoman with dog. Knows gourmet dishes. Had Mrs. Dione Lucas's course of five 2-hour lessons in Greenwich, Connecticut. Light housework, first floor. Permanent. Eastern seaboard or country. Salary open. Box W-91.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 62 East Division St., Chicago, Ill.

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PERSONALS

THE FINDER—Man to find people, places, things to stir imagination of young people. Daily TV program KETC (VHF—educational) St. Louis. Experience helpful, talent essential. Must have own sense of humor. Present Finder leaving soon for CBS and network show after only six months. Send biog., pic, experience to Richard Hartzell, Producer, THE FINDER, KETC, St. Louis, Mo.

FEBRUARY 1955 Cornell graduate (B. A. English), Korean veteran, wants travel Far East as companion, tutor, secretary, etc. Box W-97.

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N. Y. Retiring educator accepts one or two paying guests. Inspiring location. Box W-98.

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION of SATURDAY REVIEWS Volumes I and II. Offers? Box W-109.

FOOD, DRINK, FEASTING. Request catalogue working library CULINARY BROWNS, authors WINE COOKBOOK, AMERICA COOKS, 10,000 SNACKS. Bob Brown, 37 West 8 St., NYC 11.

SEEK reliable male college student help run small Westchester, N. Y., bachelor house. Board, room, transportation. Box W-100.

WOMAN WRITER (has car) seeks lady driver share expenses European vacation. References exchanged. Box W-108.

RESPONSIBLE and mature young professional woman and infant son, now living in single airless room on a treeless street, wish to rent a room or share house with grounds within commuting distance Manhattan. Baby will be cared for at all times and privacy of owners respected. PLaza 8-1628 (NYC). Box W-107.

BRYN MAWR JUNIOR, Norwegian, seeks summer job West or traveling West. Likes children ALL ages; could teach beginning French, German, Norwegian, handiwork. Fond of sports and music. Experienced traveler. Good references. Box W-110.

AMBITIOUS YOUNG WRITER wanted to rewrite manuscript to suit publisher. Give full qualifications first letter. Claud Hand, 11 Broadway, NYC.

FILM REVIEWER and/or columnist wants job. Able, experienced, female; for weekly, monthly. Box W-101.

WANTED: College girl to care for two children July, August, Long Island, N. Y. Must swim and drive. Box W-99.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SOUTHERN BERKSHIRES—8 rooms, fireplace, bath, oil furnace, Artesian well. 2-car garage, 70 acres, gravel road. Box V-963.

IDEAL COUNTRY LOCATION. 50 miles north of Manhattan. 3 rolling acres and this quaint 6-room home in beautiful inspirational setting of gigantic pines and bubbling brooks. $12,300. Write Box 572, Cornwall, N. Y. Telephone Cornwall 3-5016.

$3,950 — SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE. 9-room house, partly furnished. Harbor view, shore frontage. Box W-102.

COUNTRY—COMFORTABLE HOME, sensibly priced, $17,500. Eastern Connecticut. Year-round house, acreage, stone fences, 5 bedrooms, pine-paneled kitchen with fireplace, gracious and thoroughly livable. For description and photos write George Bard, Crestlea Farms, Brooklyn, Conn.

PICTURESQUE SETTING, waterfall. Approximately 3 acres. Dream 6-room saltbox. 2 baths, oil heat, fireplace, view, peace. Just remodeled settle estate. Asking $17,500—wonderful terms. Can be furnished. Call Barton, Pine Plains 140R2. Write Irene Rheinstrom, Pine Plains, New York.

OPPORTUNITY TO PUT BELIEFS INTO ACTION. Live in unsegregated community. Attractive new 3-bedroom ranch homes just outside Philadelphia, $11,990. NEW MODEL has added playroom, den, powder room. Near Philadelphia Interchange, Pennsylvania Turnpike. 100% MORTGAGES AVAILABLE. Telephone ELmwood 7-4325. Concord Park Homes, Old Lincoln Highway and Street Road, Trevose, Pa.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

SOUTHERN VERMONT hill farmhouse, comfortably modernized, completely equipped. 4 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, attic dormitory playroom. Swimming near. Accessible seclusion. Monthly $200, season $500. Box 21, East Jamaica, Vermont.

FARMHOUSE, MAINE. Working farm, charming coastal view; furnished. 4 large bedrooms, electric kitchen; 5 miles Freeport. $850. References. Box V-997.

WAY OFF IN THE WOODS. Small stone house with bunkhouse. Brook, evergreens. 90 miles NYC. $220 season. Phone or write Modley, Kent, Conn.

FOR SUMMER LIVING, in Pocono Mountains, Pa. Wonderful converted barn. Pool, stream. Children wanted. $600. Box V-953.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y. Lakeside cabins, 1½ rooms. All sports. Season from $400, weekly from $56. J. Braider, 240 East 20 St., NYC.

HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGE. Modern, secluded. Sleeps two. Mount Desert Bird Migratory Belt. $45 week. Mayo, Box 115, McKinley, Maine.

ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS. Cottage, new, modern. July and August, $1,000. Paint, write, loaf. Box V-589.

CAPE COD COTTAGE, Southwest Harbor, Maine. 7 bedrooms, 3 baths, electric hot water heater. Nicely furnished, including linen and silver. References required. $1,000 for season. Box V-740.

BROOKFIELD, CONNECTICUT. Superb pine lodge, huge fireplace. Private estate. Woods, pond, boat. Furnished. $675. Box W-103.

SOUTH PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS. Cape Cod cottage, $800. Guest house, $300. Both, $1,000. Clara H. Currier, 216 Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.

TWO-BEDROOM HOME, all improvements. Beautiful scenic country, in shadow Delaware Water Gap. Also acreage for sale. 85 miles NYC or Philadelphia. Nice neighbors, near all sports, 12 minutes from town. Katz, R.D. #1, East Stroudsburg, Pa. Telephone 3803R-1, 1535.

SUMMER IN PRINCETON, N. J. Unusual 3-bedroom house two blocks off campus. Large living room, Turkish decor. Reasonable. Box W-104.

BRIDGEWATER, CONNECTICUT, lakefront 2-bedroom house. Every convenience. Telephone BAyside 4-5259, NYC.

SMALL SUMMER COTTAGE. Beautiful view, secluded, Putnam County, N. Y. Either rent or share by professional woman with another professional woman. Circle 6-7469 (NYC). Box W-105.

TRAVEL

EXPLORE WITH TOP BOATMEN and renowned wilderness photographer down Green and Colorado Rivers. Expedition leaves Green River, Wyoming, June 10 on 60-day journey to Lake Mead through 16 fabulous canyons including Grand Canyon. Relive voyage Major Powell made in 1869. Requirement: ruggedness! Inquire: Charles Eggert, Barrytown, New York.

FORGET TIMETABLES, expensive taxis, hot buses, uncomfortable trains with our unique 32-day private chauffeur-driven European tours. Group limited to six people, allowing greater flexibility in visiting seven countries. Air round trip, hotels, meals, sightseeing, travel throughout by chauffeured car. Inclusive price: $1,394. Full details and brochures: Donald A. Burgess, 901 Walton Ave., NYC 52.

VACATIONS

CORNWALL GUEST HOUSE, Vermont, 2 miles from Middlebury. Excellent accommodations, Southern cuisine. Enjoy the interesting cultural atmosphere of Middlebury. Write for brochure: Virginia S. Graham, Cornwall R.D. 11, Middlebury, Vt.

KUTAY'S LODGE—Adults, Swimming, Boating. Jewish-American cuisine. Accord, N. Y.

VACATIONS

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

THE HOMESTEAD, Greenwich, Connecticut, 28 miles from NYC. Beautiful small New England Inn, Club atmosphere. Work, rest, play. Telephone 8-7500.

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate ocean-front apartments, cooling trade winds, beach, skin-diving, fishing, loafing. Literate, congenial company. Astonishingly inexpensive. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

TRANQUIL, comfortable living in spectacular Mt. Rainier country. Ride, fish, or do nothing. Fifteen guests. Rates on request. DOUBLE K MOUNTAIN RANCH, Goose Prairie, Washington.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

EASTERN SHORE Virginia farm, seashore. Excellent food. PENROSE FARMS, Quinby, Virginia.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Elevation 2,000 feet. Surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

BRANDON INN on village green near library, churches. Real New England food. Elevator. Completely sprinklered. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon, Vermont.

SPEND SUMMER seeing Maine with cultural, artistic, reasonable resident. Box W-106.

TUILAUVENT, Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y., 9-3154. Enjoy again the friendly informal home atmosphere. No planned activities, relaxation in beautiful countryside 50 miles from New York. Ideal for weekends and vacations. Attractive rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, peace-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond reach or desire. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND, MAINE. (Open May 30.) Booklet?

SPRINGTIME AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lilacs. Apple blossoms. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

KINHAVEN. A musical vacation in Vermont's Green Mountains: Swimming, tennis, square dancing, summer theater, concerts, plus chamber music including recorders. Expert musical and sports supervision. Children's session: June 30-August 19. Adult sessions: August 19-August 29, August 29-September 5. Write David Dushkin, Director, Weston, Vt.

TALL TIMBERS Guest House, New Harbor, Maine (Pemaquid Peninsula). Restful. Rooms only. Comfortable double beds. Breakfast on request.

ISLAND VACATION ON CASCO BAY! Golf, swimming, ocean breezes combined with good food and accommodations. Ten boats daily. ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, Chebeague Island, Maine. (Open May 30.) Brochure.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, New York. Informal adult resort. Private lake. Tennis. Outstanding record library. Excellent American cuisine.

SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, for Decoration Day Weekend. All sports, folk-singing, dancing, (square & round), daily art class, records. Cocktail lounge. Call Lenox 8677.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Homelike. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, mountain-top, 2 connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, HI-FI concerts, barbecue, hiking, packed lunches, etc. Lodge and Cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Folder S. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS. Midway Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse.

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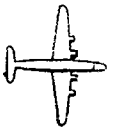

TWENTY-SIX PRIZES AWAIT WINNERS OF SR'S WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS

Win a Clipper Flight Around The World

AT THE CLICK OF A CAMERA

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FLIGHT around the globe by Pan American World Airways' giant Clippers*, touching down in many exotic lands, is the Grand Prize that awaits the winner of THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS, in whatever part of the United States or the world he lives.

Europe, the Mediterranean and the Middle East, India and Southeast Asia and Japan and the islands of the Pacific climaxed by Hawaii, will unroll on a magic carpet for the Grand Prize winner as Pan American World Airways flies him and his camera around the world, opening up wonderful new horizons.

There will be twenty-six awards in all for SATURDAY REVIEW readers who have taken unusual pictures, in either color or black-&-white, during vacation or business trips abroad or at home during the past year.

As a special inducement to early entries,* Pan American World Airways *is also offering a complimentary copy of their unique* "Round-the-World Cookbook" *to the first 100 contestants sending in pictures to* THE SATURDAY REVIEW. *This handsome, $4.95 book by Myra Waldo contains recipes and menus from 79 countries and six continents, along with many travel comments and serving suggestions.

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 7, 1956, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. A page is devoted to each month of the year, and each of these pages will be dominated by one of the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Joseph Costa—Chairman of the Board, National Press Photographers Association, and Chief Photographer, King Features Syndicate.

Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white. Each week, starting in an early issue, the outstanding photographs of the week will be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW along with the latest news of the Awards.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1955. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winner prefer some other trip than the one outlined above, its equivalent for one or two persons to any points served by Pan American World Airways can be arranged on request.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1954, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name, age, and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No black and white prints from color transparencies will be accepted. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be submitted (preferably mounted in metal or cardboard, not glass).

b. Color prints are not eligible.

c. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and should be written directly on each mount.

d. Color stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1955, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
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ıggle; oppose manfully.	34 4 20 145 178 115
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retty'' Mother Goose ıracter, supposed to re- n for marriage.	8 73 85 184 146 39 122
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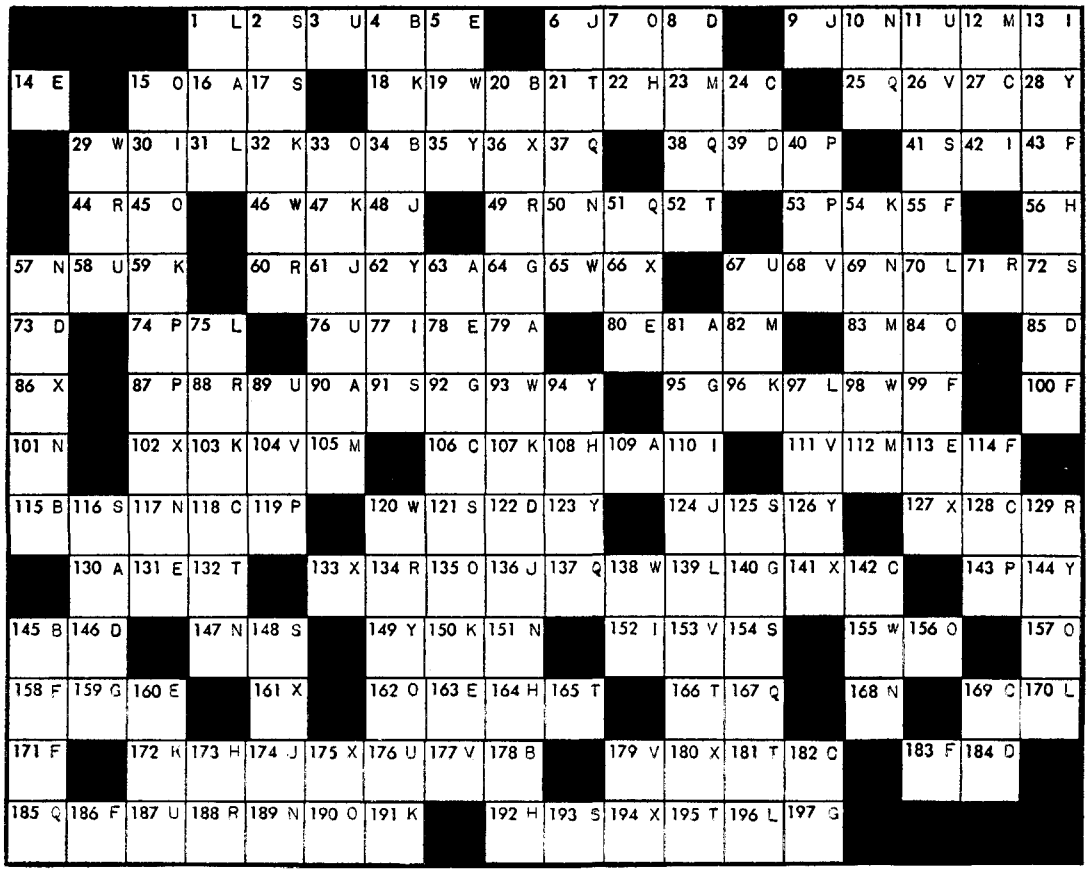
One who treats diseases by ıraver, etc. (2 wds.).	18 150 96 59 103 107 47 54 191 172 32
Amer. painter (1818-71); 'Rebecca at the Well,'' Corcoran Gallery, etc.).	196 70 97 139 170 1 31 75
Colloq. U.S. for a direction of travel in the States (2 wds.).	83 23 112 12 82 105
N. Living in the sea.	117 168 69 147 189 101 10 50 57 151
O. Finding omens in every- thing.	135 190 84 15 156 157 7 45 162 33
P. Another direction of travel in U.S. (colloq.; 2 wds.).	74 40 43 53 87 119 143
Q. Kind of light literature Churchill enjoys.	185 38 167 25 137 51 37
R. In botany, a capsule which divides by circumscissile de- hiscence.	60 49 88 188 129 44 71 134
S. August (2 wds.).	17 116 72 121 154 2 41 125 91 148 193
T. Skullcap worn by orthodox Jews in the home, etc.	165 166 181 195 21 52 132
U. The flower given ''as we part'' in the old song.	187 11 176 3 89 76 58 67
V. The pig's dinner.	26 153 179 111 104 177 68
W. German art historian, 19th cent., esp. at Nuremberg.	19 155 138 29 46 120 93 98 65
X. Father of Brunhilde and king of the Visigoths in Spain (6th cent.).	161 102 127 194 86 180 66 133 175 36
Y. Still another direction of travel in U.S. (2 wds.).	94 35 149 123 62 141 126 28 144

DIRECTIONS

solve this puzzle you ıst guess twenty-odd ORDS, the definitions which are given in the lumn headed DEFINI- ONS. Alongside each finition, there is a row dashes—one for each ter in the required ord. When you have essed a word, write it the dashes, and also rite each letter in the rrespondingly numbered quare of the puzzle iagram. . . . When the quares are all filled in, ou will find that you ave completed a quota- on from some published ork. If read up and own, the letters in the iagram have no mean- ng. . . . Black squares ndicate ends of words; f there is no black square t the right side of the iagram, the word carries ver to the next line. . . When all the WORDS ve filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic eature and the relative hapes of words in the iagram as they develop. Authority for spelling and definitions is Web- ster's New International Dictionary, Second Edi- tion.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 35 of this issue.

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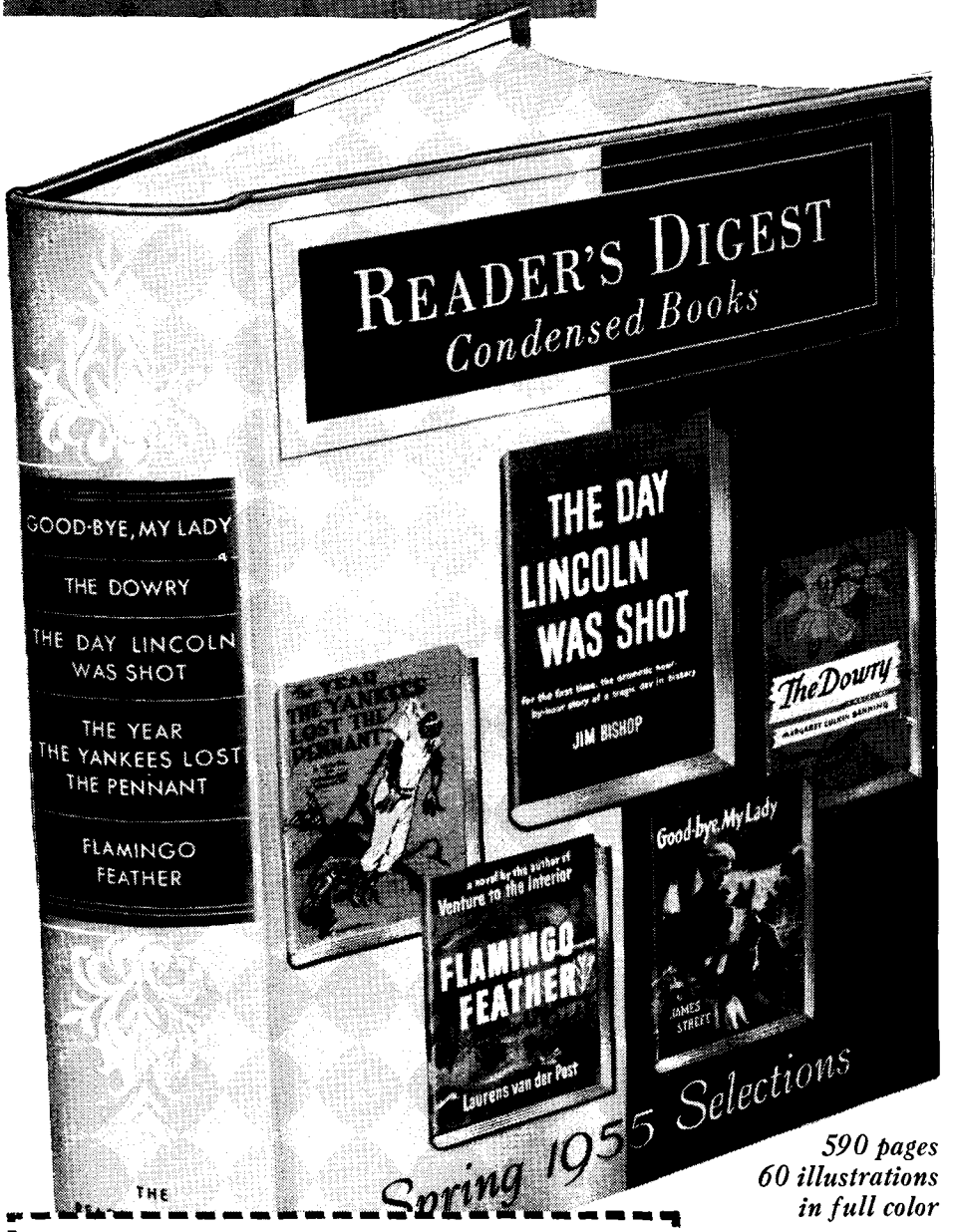

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